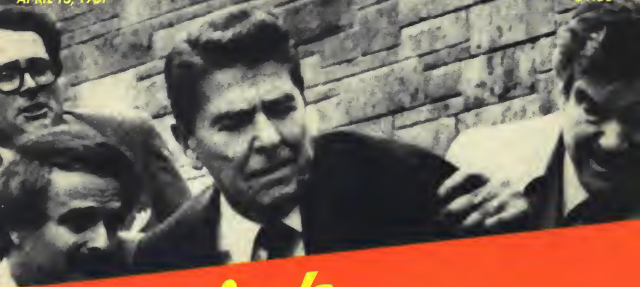


CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

APRIL 13, 1981

\$1.00



**America's  
high noon  
mentality**







## TIGHTEN YOUR BELT WITHOUT FEELING THE PINCH.

These days, tightening your belts is becoming a way of life. And consumers have rarely been hit harder than while filling their gas tanks.

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**THE VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT**  
DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS.



## EDITORIAL

# The medium is more than the message, it is the masseur

By Peter C. Newman

Watching the endless instant reruns and slow-motion replays of the Reagan assassination attempt on TV, the whole tragic incident gradually took on the mood and texture of a morbid ballet. The palace guard of secret agents appeared to pirouette in some weird dance machine as they leapt to catch the cascading bullets. The brave president played out his starring role with a verve that John Wayne might have envied. Then came the most chilling revelation of all: John W. Hinckley Jr., the accused assassin, had staged the bloody incident in the hope that news reports of his deed might impress Jodie Foster, a teen-age actress he had never met.

Assassination had become a media event.

On a less grand but equally absurd level, the previous week's news featured Ronald Reagan, who had been kidnapped from Brazil after breaking out of a British jail where he had been serving a 30-year term for a 31-million trait robbery. A London literary agent acting for Reagan's abductors revealed that "the sole reason behind the kidnapping was to pick up a fortune from newspaper and film rights." This shot down a previous theory, held by Scotland Yard, that Reagan had himself arranged to be strangled as a publicity stunt to promote his soon-to-be-published memoirs.

The media is no longer just the message, it is becoming the motivating force of the events it is reporting. When murderer Gary Offshore was executed by a Utah firing squad (so that he could cast himself as the hero of Norman Mailer's best-selling book *The Executioner's Song*) his estate received \$600,000, while the families of the two men he had killed shared only \$40,000. Roger Casar, a bank robber and career convict who had spent 34 of his 43 years in Canadian jails (staging 13 escapes), was recently awarded a Governor-General's Award for a book attacking the country's penal system. The greatest literary bonanza of all was the Watergate affair, which spawned more than 50 books, turning nearly every one of its convicted felons into millionaires. The Watergate publishing industry has so far netted \$100 million.

I hope this trend won't continue. However, I would like to suggest a scenario of my own. As a dedicated fan of CBC radio's brilliant news show, *As It Happens*, I have always had this image of a little of Huck Finn roaming a swampland whorled instructions in the swampy heat of some steamy Atlanta. They're plotting a coup d'état and dividing up the essential assignments. "Okay," the ringleader is saying, "you guys storm the palace. Our freedom fighters will surround the army's high command. Then I'll phone Barbara Frum."

April 13, 1981

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\*Based on Transport Canada (Canada) test methods. Fuel economy and city driving mileage may vary with driving conditions, terrain, vehicle condition, optional equipment and vehicle age.

## Not home free

I really enjoyed your delightful cover *Hunger for Housing* (March 30). The gingerbread house looked scrumptious enough to eat. But where did you get the blue Smarties? —BETSYA READELBERG, Scarborough, Ont.

The last paragraph of your article on real estate was, in my opinion, undoubtedly the stupidest comment, not only in this article but in any article on housing I have read in 20 years. To suggest the government is "absorbing 1979 revenue losses of \$1.6 billion from taxes it might have levied" boggles the mind. How can a government absorb losses of revenue to which it was never entitled? It is similar to suggesting the government is absorbing revenue losses from increased taxes it might have levied on magazine industry profits. In addition, I wonder if it ever occurred to you just how much more costly Canadian housing would be if the government took a piece of the action.

—WALTER MACLEOD  
Sudbury, Ont.

## Friends in high places

In your story *The Stunned Statesmen* (World, March 18), you report a "tugging out" of the German coalition leaders once, among other things, "their feelings about Ronald Reagan." I have to deny this because it is not true. There are no differences between the coalition partners regarding the assessment of the new U.S. administration and its policies. *Chancen für ein besseres Leben*



Raging real estate: *Haven and Haven not*

has known the president for a long time, and he met him in Washington shortly before the inauguration. The chancellor is looking forward with confidence to the close co-operation the president has announced, and has been engaged in this view by the reports that Hans Dietrich Genscher brought with him from his recent visit to Washington.

—KURT BECKEL  
Head of Press and Information Office,  
Bonn, Germany

## Shell-shocked

I want to protest the ineptitude shown Shell Canada in your recent column, *A's First to Flee the Tiger* (Politics, March 30). The column quotes on a footnote from the *Bertrand* inquiry into the pre-

trading approach, a pronounced conclusion has been determined. Then, two sentences, taken out of context from a three-page Shell memo, have been used to give the conclusion. The memo deals with the possible purchase of a gasoline distributorship owned by a Gaspé businessman—referred to as Roméo. The *Bertrand* report quotes Shell's memo as saying "Roméo probably also had the ability, typical of small businessmen, to operate at costs which major companies will never duplicate. His operation will almost certainly fare less well as one more detractor of Shell Canada." The impression given is that Shell couldn't compete with Roméo, so we bought him out instead. It just isn't so. Read in full, the memo demonstrates that Shell admired the distributor's expertise and drive and, in fact, preferred that Roméo's operation stay in private hands. Mr. Roméo was most compatible with Shell Canada. He was an independent jobber who purchased gasoline from Shell and resold it. There is no evidence of Shell trying to suppress an efficient businessman, rather, the memo shows that Shell appreciated the advantages of the independent entrepreneur.

—BJ PARTON  
General Manager, Public Affairs,  
Shell Canada Limited, Toronto

## The penny dropped

Oh how I loved Allan Fotheringham's *Keeping the Promises* column (March 30). He should keep it mind, though, that it is "polite" to clomp all Ontario voters in one pile. Some of us long ago saw the light and don't cast our ballots for Mr. Trudeau, alas! *Disappointing* Emily.

—ELEANOR PITT  
Brimley, Ont.

## PASSAGES



**DEED** Edith Wilson, 81, American singer and actress, in Chicago Once a singer with Duke Ellington, she was known to radio fans from the *Amos 'n' Andy* series, which she also did on television. However, most remember her for 18 years of portraying Quaker Gutsy Co.'s parakeet mistress, Aunt Jemima.

**DEED** DeWitt Wallace, 60, of pronounced abdominal surgery in New York, N.Y. The founder of *Reader's Digest*, the world's most widely read magazine with a circulation of 26 million, he parlayed a small magazine selling good-natured chicken and, eventually, condensed soups into an empire that, last year, had revenues of more than a billion dollars.



**APPOINTED** Dr. William Anthony Padden, 65, an Emberton-born general practitioner of Newmarket and Leamington, effective July 10 Padden, a longtime doctor and director in the rugged North West River area for the International Greenbelt Association, is the first Lacanor resident to hold the position. He succeeds 67-year-old Gordon A. Winice.



**DEED** Edd Edd, 81, British playwright and novelist in her home in North London A favorite haunts of the literary Illuminati group between the wars and noted for her hit play *The Chalk Garden*, she captured the hearts of millions with her 1950 novel *Notional Velvet*. While working on her memoirs she once noted, "If one doesn't die, one's autobiography doesn't seem finished."

**APPOINTED** George Chambers, 56, as prime minister of Trinidad and Tobago, prefacing a selection of a leader at party convention. The former minister of agriculture, industry and commerce succeeds Eric Williams, 68, who died in office of an undisclosed illness. Williams, the island's first prime minister, led the nation to independence 18 years ago.

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Here's a sensational recipe for so-so chefs.

CheddarDunk an unsuspected visitor. Next time they'll call to make reservations.

Your fridge is full of surprises. Bet you forgot the baloney, macaroni, zucchini, and the crab. Well... throw something into a CheddarDunk, then sit back and compliment your ingenuity.

Dairy Bureau of Canada



"It's very filling. Is very fast. Is very good."  
Halo Monoxide, very busy, very famous chef

Busy person?  
Well just take 5 minutes and CheddarDunk yourself into a hot, lip-smacking lunch... or a T.V. snack in no time flat

Keep this up, and soon you'll be famous.

# CheddarDunk!



**1. CRUNCH A CHUNK OF CHEDDAR.**

There it is... in your fridge. That beautiful chunk of Cheddar... waiting patiently for something exciting to do.



**2. PLUNK IT IN A PAN.**

Once you've crunched or sliced your Cheddar into little bits, and plunk it into a no-stick pan. You're half way there.



**3. CUT UP ANYTHING YOU LIKE.**

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**4. HEAT IT UP ON LOW.**

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**5. CHEDDARDUNK YOUR FAVOURITE BREAD.**

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**6. NOW YOU'RE DUNKING**

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## An ingrained problem

To my mind, the real problem in the grain-handling system is that CP Rail refuses to move grain when it is profitable for CP Rail to do so, and the federal government is apparently prepared to watch Canadian grain exports fall and Canadian farmers lose millions of dollars rather than order CP Rail to perform the essential service of moving grain (Shawing for a New Order, Canada, March 16). If legislation ordering CP Rail to move grain was introduced with the same enthusiasm as the War Measures Act, the so-called "grain handling problem" would no longer exist.

—LARRY CALVERT,  
Toronto

## One big unhappy family

From Susan Riley's *A Case of Conscience* (Scribner/Pedra, March 16) one might surmise that she has not been in the province of Quebec in recent years, or even heard of the infamous, recent Bill 101. Unlike New Brunswick, Quebec is not officially bilingual. Only in the judicial field is Quebec bilingual. In all other aspects of normal day-to-day existence, Bill 101 created a trifling francophone community.

—RAY KENNEDY,  
Pointe Claire, Que.

I wish to congratulate Susan Riley for her illuminating and honest article on Franco-Ontarians, who, I believe, are truly betrayed by every political party in Ontario and Canada.

—JEAN FRANÇOIS BURELLEMAN,  
Toronto, Que.



A CP grain train passing through the Prairies, nothing at all to crow about

In my opinion, Susan Riley, like many Canadians, is suffering from tunnel vision. Canada is composed of many cultures—the original inhabitants being neither French nor English—and it is in need of a unifying element common to all cultures. We should extricate ourselves from our cultural monoculture and fragmented nations and be more concerned with our country as a unit. Canada is one country and Canadians are one people.

—DEE FIDELL,  
Windsor, Ont.

If the English had lost as the Plains of Abraham, French-only would be the law—but thank God they didn't. We are an English-speaking nation that has opened its doors to all races—expecting these people to accept our laws and language without bickering. English and English only in Canada—what Quebec does is its affair.

—A. STELLA  
Moncton, Ont.

is a disease God forbid that we should be portrayed as so temporarily crazed. Good old reliable rock 'n' roll is still as much as verification of tradition and fierce loyalty here as in Queen's itself.

—MARY E. BODDIE JUDY ALLEN  
Kingston, Ont.

The ties that were created in private schools such as Upper Canada College and Huronville are strengthened at Queen's, and will probably continue to bind in the world of business and politics. If the sons and daughters carry on in the tradition of their fathers, and bring "the lack of frenetic debate" and friendly camaraderie to Ottawa, it can only lead to an unbalanced and sadly unrepresentative set of leaders in Canada.

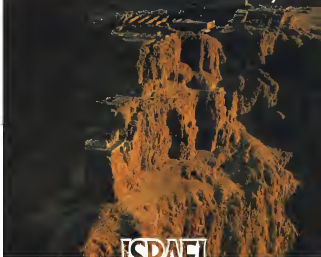
—KATHY KENNEDY,  
Kingston, Ont.

Perhaps I missed the point of Allan Fotheringham's diatribe, but even so I suppose it is best that by not going to Queen's I cannot rub elbows with William or Beth Graham, Hugh Hickey or Jim McMorris? Or perhaps I should be upset that I must tolerate the presence of blacks, Caribbean and South-east Asian imports at my own urban university while those at Queen's have only to acknowledge the presence of a minuscule sprinkling of such people? If Fotheringham wants to write about Canadian universities, would it not be better to write about the federal government's meddling there, their share of funding for post-secondary education across Canada? This federal plan could result in education in Canada being available only to the upper-middle-class type mentioned in Fotheringham's column.

—P. FRANKLIN  
London, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and send correspondence to Letters in the Editor, Maclean's magazine, c/o University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A7.

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# A slick way to skin the public

*'Unscrupulous film packagers are ripping off taxpayers and investors'*

By Budge Cravley

Having been an independent Canadian film-maker for the past 45 years, I am outraged at the number of would-be film-makers (lawyers, accountants, etc.) who have in recent years played into the film business to take advantage of a "tax shelter"—the 100-per-cent Capital Cost Allowance. These opportunists may envision themselves as film-makers, but I consider them to be parasites, less than feeders at the public trough. The sad truth is that, through this income tax provision, the government is actually encouraging mediocre or bad films.

In November, 1993, the federal government raised the Capital Cost Allowance (CCA) on investment in Canadian feature films to 100 per cent, making full write-off of depreciation allowable as a deduction from any source of taxable income. This tax incentive was intended to channel private investors' funds into the Canadian feature film industry, thus providing the industry with a stimulus to generate significant development. The increased allowance also resulted in substantial tax savings for those who took advantage of it by "sheltering" their incomes.

I'm sorry to say, however, that from 1974 to date, the 100-per-cent CCA provision, as it applies to Canadian feature film production (films of more than 30 minutes in length), has failed miserably. Too often it has been abused by so-called producers who have, in many cases, avoided raising their own money and have siphoned off monies from and other costs from the top of funds raised for films that, from the start, were doomed to fail in the marketplace. Furthermore, I submit that the "administration" category is the area in which these unscrupulous "packagers" are ripping off taxpayers and investors.

During the six-year period since the introduction of the 100-per-cent CCA provision, an analysis of the expenditures for Canadian feature films eligible for the 100-per-cent CCA, as reported to ERIA Consulting Economists Inc. of Montreal, shows that the average cost of "administration," as compared to total production cost of English-language feature films, increased from five per cent to a whopping 50 per cent of the total cost of production. It does appear that the 100-per-cent CCA provision has, in fact, been responsible for increases in the number of English-language feature films produced (in 1974, there were 11 and the number grew yearly reaching 34 in 1977), yet the costs to the taxpayer and the investor have been substantial. Furthermore, the exploitation of the market by film packagers has so scared brokers and investors that most have withdrawn from feature-film fund-raising and investment.

For the years 1974, 1976 and 1977, 31 English-language feature films (for which revenue figures were made available) showed an average net loss of \$185,000. However, dur-

ing these same years, a total of 69 feature films took advantage of the tax shelter, and it appears obvious that in the 38 cases where film packagers declined to reveal figures to ERIA, results were even more disastrous.

If the Canadian government altered the CCA regulation pertaining to feature films by giving investors the option of either claiming the 100-per-cent allowance and paying income tax on all profits, or of opting to go at their own risk with eventual profit tax losses, it would end the Canadian taxpayer's need to nothing and would encourage Canadians to gamble in the world film market, taking care to get a good screenplay before spraying the landscape with naive investors. Very often, predicted failure of a film has been caused by starting to shoot with a poor screenplay—it is dishonest to begin shooting without a good screenplay in the naive belief that somehow during production the film

will end up a winner. Furthermore, I have never seen a feature film turn out to be better than its screenplay. The CCA provisions, by their very nature, tend to encourage starting without a good screenplay since the regulation stipulates that no depreciation can be claimed until completion of "principal photography." This regulation often results in almost panic shooting during the final months of the calendar year to accommodate investors who find themselves in high-tax brackets and decide to take advantage of the Canadian taxpayers' largesse. You can write off bad setbacks that nobody wants to see, but you can't write off a film that may have a good chance to perform well in the marketplace. Going without a good screenplay is also a common cause of going over budget—all too often, when the producer and director screen the daily shooting results, the developing disaster is revealed before their eyes and they try a rescue job on set or on location.

I do not, however, want to leave a totally negative impression. Undoubtedly, the 100-per-cent CCA encourages Canadian film production and should be continued in the case of shorter films, say for films of less than 75 minutes. Such production would continue to provide valuable experience for film industry personnel without providing budgets of a size to encourage unscrupulous financial exploitation.

But the time has come to alter the income tax feature-film regulation so that Canadian technicians developed during the past six years may benefit thanks to a new breed of Canadian entrepreneurs—"high rollers" willing to risk their own money in the hope of expanding their risk capital by tax-free earnings. This option the government should provide to Canadian entrepreneurs and investors alike. Let's do it now before it's too late for our film industry.

Budge Cravley is a Canadian film-maker who, in 1976, produced the only Canadian feature film to win an Oscar.



Morgan White.  
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



# There's honey still for tea in depressed Britain

*The wolf is at the door, but the Brits won't be intimidated*



Computer-generated image of a crowded Waterloo Station services noticeably being disrupted

By David North

It's early March in Gypsy Hill. Outside, the rain streams down, fattening the yellowing daffodils and blotting out what is, on free days, a spectacular view over Central London's tower blocks. Inside the suburban basement sitting room an electric space heater sizzles. Lipless, pointing at the wall, Reddified brick at the chimney have shown where a fire occasionally burns. It certainly hasn't for some days—the cold and damp parse the marrow in carpets.

As Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher defends her latest budget onslaught on Britain's money-hungry—the hard-pressed taxpayers (Macmillan's March 28)—the middle classes are not just hating, they're freezing. The well-known lady behind the counter at the smaller of Marks & Spencer's two Oxford Street stores confides that her electricity bill for the three months to Dec. 31 was a blistering £200—and she cooks with gas. A Plymouth-based naval officer, their beloved, central heating in his modernized home. But it costs \$67 a week to run, so he and his wife and three two-age children do without. Instead he has invested in one of these Scandinavian, wood-burning stoves that are selling like hot cakes to anyone within driving distance of a tree. With coal at about \$300 a ton,

"wooding"—gathering firewood in suburban parks or country estates—is not just a fashionable topic of conversation. It's about the only way a family with heavy mortgage or educational commitments can keep their blood circulating, while baulking in any but the most vigorous indoor activities.

Will Britain's neo-fascinating far-right—galvanized by its charcoal-burning traitors, ravaged by those who built its social Hearts of Oak—be destroyed finally by the energy crisis? The wolf is clearly at the door. May-as-Wee backslider Richard North, who claims to

Thatcher: Not of modified priorities



have 3.5 million secondhand volumes on his shelves, is reported in *The Times* to be offering 100 tons of books for sale to wood stove owners.

If there's a hint there of modified priorities, it is not the only one. While Britain's oil billions are said officially to be financing its brave new industrial revolution, there's very little evidence to prove it. What they are in fact being used for, it seems only too clear, is to keep the country's 2.5 million (soon to be 3 million by some estimates) unemployed in sufficient comfort to prevent them from searching in a body as 39 Downing Street.

Then there's public transportation. It would seem, with gas at nearly \$4 a gallon, a perfect moment to entice travelers out of their cars and back into Britain's trains and buses. Yet services are constantly being trimmed, while fares soar. The round-trip journey from Plymouth to London (729 km) costs \$95 compared to the \$55 a similar evening, say Toronto-Windsor (714 km), costs in Canada.

Despite her election promises, Margaret Thatcher has not made the trains run on time—and at times they do not run at all. One recent Saturday, a suburban train from London's Victoria Station came to an unscheduled halt at Stevenage, Herts, where the driver walked off. His relief had not turned up, and, as he pointed out with some justification, he had already made 22 trips that day and "that's enough for any man." What of the relief driver? Well, he was an voluntary overtime and had simply decided not to volunteer. It would be easy to blame the man involved, but the real culprit is the government policy makers who have so starved British rail of funds that its managers cannot afford to staff weekend services properly.

The catalogue of Britain's current woes would take one a computer mode to print. And yet, and yet—in or out of work, the populace seems to rub along somehow or another. At luncheon the pubs are full of customers downing their \$1.98 pints and sausages or soups and chips—\$3.30 and \$5.38 a well-filled plate. People dress, albeit at greater cost than hosiery, with their customary taste and keen appreciation of the domestic rigors of an English winter. The healthy socialism of the 1960s and 1970s has survived to a degree. North Americans may yet come to envy. The countryside, this spring, is at least as beautiful as ever.

In short, Britain is still essentially the tolerant, sane, ruminating, dependable, combated place it has always been. Well might one echo, with affectionate warmth, the 19th-century poet W.E. Healey's cry: "England, my England." If only, that is, one could afford the warmth. ◇



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**"WE'VE GOT TO BREAK DOWN THE INSURANCE STEREOTYPE, BUT WE'VE HARDLY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."**

*Harold West, Royal Insurance Branch Manager in Edmonton, Alberta, shakes up some stubborn myths about commercial insurance.*

**Q. WHAT STEREOTYPE ARE YOU WORKING AGAINST?**

**A.** A lot of people see commercial insurance as a cut-and-dried, facts-and-figures business. I'd like them to see it as it really is. Creative. Exciting. Vital. I don't know of any other career that can put you in contact with everything there is to business life. Building a bridge, making rollercoasters, starting a laundry. It doesn't matter what it is, we're involved with everything that's new, as well as everything that's old.

**Q. WHAT'S THE TRUE PICTURE REALLY LIKE?**

**A.** It's not a humdrum thing. I love it because we're dealing with the unknown and there's something new all the time. My goal has always been to make certain that our people all the way down the line understand that I want them to use their intelligence and imagination to do new things, to look at problems with a fresh viewpoint. Here in Alberta there's a great feeling of excitement. Entrepreneurs trying out new ideas, building new things.

We have to let the business climate we're in and come up with new services and new products ourselves.

**Q. DOESN'T SOON LEAD TO BUREAUCRACY AND THE BIG MACHINES?**

**A.** It doesn't have to. Since the Royal is the largest insurer of homes, cars and businesses in the country, we can afford to do our own staff training. Once you're training people from the start, you bring them up with your own thinking and you also learn what their strengths are.

The result is that you can give them a lot more latitude and freedom to make the most of their own ideas.

**Q. HOW DO YOU GET THE BEST FROM YOUR PEOPLE?**

**A.** You train people properly and then let them flow to do their own thing within the area they're comfortable in. Sure they're going to make mistakes, but that's all part of their training, their experience. People get paid to make decisions, and when they make decisions, they're bound to make some mistakes.

**Q. HOW DO YOU PERSONALLY MAKE DECISIONS?**

**A.** Ask questions. Asking questions is what commercial insurance is all about. With experience, you learn to ask the right questions and to make decisions on that basis. After I've finished talking to everyone, asked all the questions, completed everything I have to do, I'll always sleep on it when it's something important. It's amazing how many better decisions I make as a result of it.

**Q. WHAT'S IT LIKE TO WORK WITH YOU?**

**A.** In the main, I let my people do their own thing with very little input from me. I'm meticulous in detail but I don't believe in a lot of written reports. I'd just as soon have somebody come in and we talk it over and that's the end of it. We branch managers should be the same as our marketing people, drumming up new business, finding out what the problems are. We shouldn't be sitting in some ivory tower. The ivory tower can be an occupational hazard, and I'm going to get rid of it one way or another.

**Q. WHY BUY COMMERCIAL INSURANCE THROUGH AN INDEPENDENT BROKER OR AGENT?**

**A.** I'd rather have a qualified broker or agent look after me simply because of the personal contact. If you have a policy with a direct writer of insurance—without an agent—who are you going to see if you have a problem with your

policy? Do you really thank someone in a big insurance company is going to sit down with you the same way as an independent agent who is earning his bread and butter by keeping you as a satisfied customer?

**Q. WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE FUTURE FOR YOUR BRANCH OF THE ROYAL?**

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# The knight of the fifth estate



Malling (above) and with '5th estate' co-hosts Clarkson and Parker the tongue

By Ray MacGregor

Once, but no use, reach people like a lion. This one looks through glasses held together with cracked Scotch tape, the day's light rain left smudged for an added touch of pathos, and he sees Eric Malling and the guru of lunacy from the moment he steps away from his red Porsche Malling barrels down the sidewalk, head slanted into the weather at the awkward manner of the third-haired. The horn steps out. "Excuse me, Sir," he says with deliberate vagueness, hand cupped for the offering, "but could you please spare a quarter?" Malling prefers not to refuse, but then means to let Prime nonsense like spots, fables for change, is unable to find any. The lion stares offhandedly at Malling, and suddenly it is Malling who looks downtrodden. "I never know what to do," he mutters. "I'm always down both ways."

Back in an upper bedroom of the recently renovated Toronto home he shares with his wife, Pat, and their two young children, Lief and Paige, a man holds two statuettes. One is a Nellie, the ACTRA Award for excellence in television public affairs won two years ago by

Malling for his work on CBC's fifth estate. The other is a bust, a clay beggar Malling bought on a whim, and between those two poles Eric Malling's worry doesn't like the blue line of an electrical charge on side the confidence that drives him, obsesses him, the other an irrational fear that luck, which in truth has had little say in the matter,

**Malling's worry dances between excellence that obsesses him and irrational fear that one day, any day, his luck will turn**

will one day take another turn. "I don't want personalities," Edward I. Murrow, the late, legendary CBS news man once said. "If you're a good reporter, you'll become a personality. It will take care of itself." And so it has for Malling, without the bubble bursting. This week, less than five years after he joined the program as a surprise replacement for Warner Troyer, the 36-year-old Malling will fly to Vancouver for the 1993 ACTRA Awards night, nominated for best television host and also for the prestigious Gordon Sinclair Award for outstanding broadcast journalism. Not bad for a face that has trouble holding scenes from a backdrop

and a delivery he describes as "the thin reedy voice from Saskatchewan" imperative for one dismissed as a "mooing wing" by one critic and called the "most offensive TV personality" by the editor of The Toronto Sun. These days, when executive producer Glenn Sarty tells the onlooker man to "Do what you can with him, he's all we've got," the laugh that follows is not bad, low but packed with ironic contentment.

In 1970, when the fifth estate was launched, it was known as "the fifth mistake." The program survived bad chemistry (an acidic solution composed of Troyer and Adrienne Clarkson managed to seduce Troyer's contract after one year) and tragedy (host Peter Bailey's death) to emerge as a slick, world-class public-affairs program. With a domestic audience of roughly 1.5 million and impressive foreign sales, the program subscribes to \$100,000-a-show budgets (approximately a fifth the cost of *60 Minutes*) and over everything from joy to sorrow to outrage. And when the story involves outrage—political patronage, squandered development money, industrial pollution, Canadian involvement in arms shipments to South Africa or a potential Patented nuclear bomb—the

face fronting the show is usually Eric Malling's. He may look like the late Wally Cox, and it is true that Glenn Sarty at first tried, unsuccessfully, to take Malling shopping for new glasses—"Peter Fonda motorcycle style," Malling recalls—but looks today have nothing to say in the matter. "To me," says Adrienne Clarkson, one of his co-hosts (Jan Parker is the other), "it's not whether you're good on television, it's whether people believe what you say—and people tend to believe Eric."

If Adrienne Clarkson is the face of the program, then Malling is surely its tongue. His, slightly less professionally than privately, sharp enough to deserve

sterilization after use. And though chaos usually saves him from his audacity, the tongue sometimes leads to trouble, as it did recently when Malling referred to the American-educated son of former Winnipeg mayor Arthur Sifton as someone whom "you can easily see going for a Big Mac after a hard day of dropping presents out of helicopters." At first, worried he was getting off on the wrong foot with Clarkson, Malling tried to rub her up with, "Yes, Adrienne, that's a really great dress you're wearing—can I wear it next week?"

What fuels Malling in reaction. He first saw it in the dented eyes of his mother's junior Sunday school class for four-year-olds. Eric was 7 and had a magic gift. More important, he had an advantage: he knew where the coins had gone and they didn't, he had power and they didn't. Knowledge and power young Eric liked that. And again in university, when as a history student, he wrote a column in the *Swift Current Sun* accusing the town's main food plot, the federal experimental farm, of nepotism in its student hiring practices. The town was outraged. Ottawa became furious, and the hiring practices in question changed. Malling says. "There was huge pleasure to be found in being

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**NOVA SCOTIA**  
*There's so much to see*



an old Malling friend puts it, "the eye of the storm rather than the storm itself."

Swift Current, Sask., has the type of small-town where a number like 150 is considered more valuable in personality minutes than IQ. The only son of a butcher who had come over from Denmark, a brawny kid who wasn't good at sports which would have given him entry into the audience he needed. But he was witty, sarcastic and gifted with his hands. He made the car crowd laugh and could break down a clubhouse. It didn't matter that he drove around town in an old Prefect and wore galoshes even in high summer to protect his shoes from the dirt that poured up through the footboards soon he was wearing the jacket of the Karb Kings.

At university in Saskatoon "he was a 'respectable' student activist," a contemporary remembers. "No Dow Chemical or Vietnam stuff. The safe issues." He was superb on his feet, with what one former colleague recalls is a "professional" bravura. "He probably would have made an excellent lawyer," says Global Television News's Ottawa bureau chief Doug Smith, who was also at Saskatoon. "But he would have been bored. Malling needs an audience and I don't think a courtroom audience would have been large enough for him."

Lacking direction, Malling accidentally became an audience himself. After first working for the provincial government in information, he landed a job with the Regina Leader-Post and would often spend long evenings sitting silent in the jammed office of Hans Thattner as the Saskatchewan premier commiserated into the night about Prairie politics. Often, catching a ride home after these long sessions, he would be picked up by a brother-less Volkswagen driven by Allen Bakewell, then the ambitious deputy leader of the neo-socialist, and Malling would find himself straddled on his elbows over old Chinese food, nod-

**Malling and family: rustled by reaction**

ding and listening as Bakewell described life on the other side of the Thatcher mirror. It was a marvelous political education, and if Malling learned one thing, it was that behind the huge gaps in rhetoric lay a simple, massive difference, the longing of power and the seeking of power. Between them there was class room, and Malling wasn't above taking advantage of it. He would become a journalist. And by God, the politicians had better learn to keep their heads up.

Coming out to the Carleton School of Journalism, an impatient Malling soon found himself in a professor's office being called "the most odious student" in the school's memory and being well-advised to get out fast. There would certainly be no future in journalism for someone—perhaps Carleton's all-time vice graduate—who showed nothing but open contempt for journalism-school. Given now, the former director of the school, Joseph Bowden, refuses to

even discuss Eric Malling. But the impetuosity of those years seems somehow justified today. In quick succession Malling rose from the Regina Leader-Post to the Toronto Star, from CBC radio to the CTV network as a news reporter and commentator. From there to the fifth estate. At 39 years of age.

If people did not take note of the face, they soon came to recognize the style. A week on the job in Toronto and Ian Evans, an star member of the provincial legislature, had to be restrained from throttling Malling for mere loud, tongue-in-cheek remarks about some "wretched" rubber plant workers. A week in Ottawa and a member of Parliament was smiling at Malling for naming Jackies as his sobriety. The radio commentary was a case, he now admits, of saying the most outrageous things he could think of. Baby horses cheques, for example, would be linked to handbrakes and gin sales. Objective he was not.

That Malling ever broke into television at all was a surprise to nearly all who knew him. Not that they doubted his ability, just his presence, and his voice. But says CTV Ottawa bureau chief Bruce Malling, the man who hired Malling, "I knew Eric was just such a hell of a good solid journalist that it would come through. And that's just what happened." Malling's Canada air commentary showed the hard edge of a cynic and enough wit to make the crowd theorists periodically wide.

Meanwhile, ever at CBC, they were beginning to look for a replacement for Warner Trotter. Glenn Sarty hadn't a clue who Eric Malling was. He wanted Finlay MacDonnell, the silver-haired, golden-throated backroom Tory organ-

**Malling with police crash survivors' friend**  
Oiler (left) and Donna Johnson; wherever outcries it is he found



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ness. MacDonald wasn't interested and tried to sell Barry on his son, Punky Junior, who also wasn't interested but who lobbied hard for Malling. Barry checked him out and was impressed, as was the senior producer Ron Haggart, himself a former print journalist and a believer in substance over style. Malling, who only a few years earlier had dared to say to friends his idea of total success was a byline on the front page of the *Toronto Star*, was suddenly being offered glory far beyond his dreams. Expressing the surprise of many, his friend Michael Lando, now a graduate

with the *A&E* estate, instantly wired: "Good luck! Don't walk for the first few shows. Stay seated. Check upper and practice, practice, practice."

It was advice Malling assiduously followed. And the hard work paid off. "Complicated information is one of the things we—and Eric in particular—handle well," says Haggart. And there's the style. "The only other guy I know who can lead somebody so well into the tough question is Mike Wallace," says Jacques Gosselin, a Malling friend now with ABC Television News in Paris. The 60 Minutes Wallace, like Malling, is

known as the hardest-working host on the show. They have the same flair for third-degree journalism and dramatic confrontation. Malling often refers to himself as "60 Minutes" in private—and the same propensity for trouble. Wallace, however, is 36 years older.

Again like Wallace, Malling can be a tyrant, so eager to get the story as he perceives it that the technique sometimes strikes others as Mackinawian. "If you don't agree, then you're an asshole," says one non-fun on the show's technical side. Impatient, thorough and tough-minded, the questions and advice in edited video form are often the very qualities one dislikes in a shared airplane seat. Malling differs greatly from Wallace, however, in that where Wallace has at times been accused of shilling for big business, Malling is seldom for anything. And where his friends enjoy this iconoclastic quality, it is not popular with everyone. "The constant haranguing of everything out get on your nerves," says one who has worked with him. "There's always something wrong with everything."

"I care about the stories I do and I'm not easy to work with," says Malling. "I have a sharp tongue. I have hot ideas. But people still ask to work with me." Given Barry knows it, "If Canada ever produces an Edward R. Murrow type, that person could be Malling. I say to him: 'Your day is 50 years away. When you get a little fat on the bone. When your face gets a little craggy.' Christ—what I'd give to be his agent, then."

Such prophesy terrifies Malling. His usual inclination is to deflect recognition, as when he tells friends that the first full phrase of Laila, his and Pat's older child, will undoubtedly be "Daddy, who's Adams really like?" Behind the sharp tongue and the new-found recognition Eric Malling remains the fuzzy-looking, skinny kid in the Karb Kings jacket, off on yet another fishing trip to northern Saskatchewan, forcing his friends into either leaving mile to plug his favorite car game, *Front Page Challenge*. Last fall, when he found himself appearing on the program as a guest pundit, he had to think about those miles and how quickly they'd been covered. Swift Current was so fresh he still possessed his very first hard-cover book, Pierre Berton's *The Golden Trail*, which Malling had received as a present at the end of grade three. When he showed it to Berton last year during an interview, Berton took a pen and wrote on the inside leaf: "To little Eric, I hope that one day you will grow up to be a famous television interviewer."

A south of midnight history, perhaps, but for the first time Eric Malling felt that just maybe it might really have happened. ☐

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The Audi 4000 has set new standards in automotive engineering. Road & Track's European consulting editor summed up his impressions of the Audi 4000 by labelling it simply "the brilliant piece of engineering you can test drive and at your Audi dealer. And put your own label on it."



Delicate steel outer engineering resulted in the Audi's aerodynamic shape and produced a low wind-turbulence coefficient for a sedan, adding to its economy and handling performance.

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## COVER STORY

# America's high noon mentality

By Michael Posner

If Ronald Reagan's doctors are right, the toughest 69-year-old man in America will return to the White House next week, well enough to resume a near normal schedule of Oval Office functions. The president's swift and high-spirited recovery from a would-be assassin's 20-minute bullet which punctured his left lung has been called remarkable; all three being equal, he will fly to California in month's end as planned, attend his oldest daughter's wedding and keep an appointment with Mexico's



Reagan is pushed into car as shots ring out and (left) gun is assassin's hand's resilient trigger

President José López Portillo. Despite the lightning pain of surgery, the Governor has proved himself a resilient conqueror, in the best traditions of his former profession, the show must—and will—go on.

Yet the six bullets allegedly fired by John Wilkes Booth Jr., the accused assassin, have done more than physical damage to the president and the three other men wounded in the attack. Their firestorm sound shattered the calm of an American afternoon, and their hazzing echoes will be heard for some time to come, like the terrible wail of sirens which will sweep through this scared city. Already, the sirens are humming with new debate on old questions: gun control and Secret Service protection. There is much talk, too, of political revenge, to what extent will the national gawk of sympathy advance Ronald Reagan's presidential agenda?

And how much of the power accumulated by Vice-President George Bush in the crisis hours will be needed in reuniting beyond the convalescence? The name of Alexander Haig also continues to reverberate; the secretary of state's controversial performance before the TV camera, while the president was in surgery at George Washington University Hospital and the vice-president airborne en route to Washington from Texas, provides the swelling ranks of Haig watchers with a splendid text for arguments and speculation.

There are the narrow issues, but the events of March 30, 1981, require a broader context. In the immediate aftermath of the shooting, the prevailing mood was less one of shock than of relief—that the president had escaped more serious injury, and that no one

had died. By the courage of one Secret Service agent or the alert response of another, by luck or by destiny, the nation had been spared a personal tragedy and a grave constitutional crisis. But the margin was inches. Like an instant replay of an American nightmare, as Democratic Congressman Morris Udall put it, the enclosed grounds outside the Washington Hilton Hotel had again underscored the vulnerability of presidents, and the fragility of the nation's equilibrium.

The attempt on Reagan is the sixth instance of a U.S. president (or presidential candidate) being shot at in the past 18 years, the curve is turning upward and the trend is disquieting. Moments after the first bullets was read on the floor of Congress, Democratic Senator Bill Bradley suggested to his colleagues that "we ought address ourselves to the underlying sickness that exists in a society where these kind of events become commonplace."

Questions are legion. What flaw in the American character breeds the pathological delusions of a Lee Harvey Oswald or a John Wilkes Jr.? By what

Maclean's  
MAY 11, 1981



Victims of bleeding as Secret Service officer stands guard (above) and busy wall of silence that still screens

of a future assassin: white, male, withdrawn, a loner, no girl-friends, either married or a failure in marriage, unable to work steadily. John Hockley fits it like a template: a 30-year-old, unemployed college dropout, apparently obsessed with his neurotic love for the actress Jodie Foster, who played the 19-year-old hooker in the film *Taxi Driver*. The second son of an affluent Denver citizen, Hockley grew up in Dallas, an uncomfortable child, an average student, with an average number of friends and, perhaps, an above average aptitude for sports. But somewhere between high school graduation and March 30 last, something in Hockley's psyche went seriously awry. He drifted in and out of Texas Tech University in Lubbock and wandered the country, living in cheap apartments and motels. At one point, he apparently joined the National Socialist Party of America, but his temperament was judged too violent even for neo-Nazis and his membership was not renewed. Last October, two days after Ronald Reagan cancelled a

## A midsummer day's nightmare

News of the attempt on Ronald Reagan's life stopped everyone, but it practically took the breath away from two Canadians—Derek Bursey, administrator for the upcoming July 30 to 31 economic summit, and RCMP Sgt. John Pointier, who has spent the past two months planning security for the event. Already geared for what they call "a maximum security posture," these men and their staffs suddenly found themselves moving into what Bursey calls "a higher level of concern."

The following morning, two large departments of national defence helicopters swept in low over the War Memorial and settled onto the lawn of Parliament Hill. The early crowd was craning back toward the ground as if

they had just disembarked from a plane elsewhere but good old safe-but-boring Ottawa. This, however, was just one of the many dry runs that will be taking place over the next few months as Canada prepares to receive (it is hoped) a healthy Reagan and the heads of Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Japan. Ottawa won't look like Tokyo, site of the 1979 summit, where 30,000 riot-squipped police harried the brewers into empty bottles, or the Venice of last summer, when armed ships divers petrolled the canals. But Canadian security, like a soaked thread, doesn't have to be seen to be working.

Bursey, the friendly former ambassador to South Korea, shares the view: "In a meeting with our Canadian around \$6 million. This is, he admits, only "out-of-pocket" expenses and does not include such fixed costs as government salaries, building refurbishing or police overtime costs. Again, with its summit cost of \$14 million, the true cost was more the 30 times that. Canada has no intention

of going that high—armed Cadillac in Tokyo will become armored Chevrolet in Ottawa—but the true total, according to one financial source, will reach a billion dollars.

The RCMP actually doesn't care to discuss strategy—"We feel it interferes with our security to talk detail," says Pointier—but everyone is admittedly concerned about Gilles Maréchal, the 40-year-old son from Ottawa's affluent Pierre Trudeau has selected to house the government heads in a more relaxed atmosphere. They will travel in a fleet of 19 to 35 helicopters to and from the formal meetings in Ottawa's East Block. Surrounded by water and 30 acres of dense woods, Maréchal is, in Pointier's words, "a nightmare—if anyone really wanted to put their names in the annals of history, this is where they'd do it." The RCMP's VIP section will be mounting an aid from the Quebec and Ontario provincial police, the Ontario Mounted Police and the federal's Special Service Force (SSF). Established four years ago at nearby Patawawa and trained by Britain's Special Air Service, the 3,500-member SSF has the right gear—2,500 pairs of hand-knives, 7,000 gas masks, riot control vehicles and heat sensors that can detect a mouse moving at 100 metres in the dead of night—so that even the hyper-armed Japanese will get a proper night's sleep.

Of course, Canada is regarded internationally as a pretty safe bet: "We are the trustees of reasonableness, not violence," Pierre Trudeau said in 1963. But that was before Pierre Laporte's murder, before the Parliament Hill attack on Service Premier Albert Kesteven and before Arthur Bremer, later to shoot George Wallace, studied Richard Nixon in Ottawa. The city's Sparks Street Mall, this week graced with gentle musicians, was the very site where Thomas D'Arcy McGee was gunned down. The Reagan, by a single assailant with a rifle on a cold, moonless night 133 years ago last Tuesday.

So for Bursey and Pointier, the "higher level of concern" may well reach to the moon. When Jerry Parr, the Secret Service agent credited with saving Reagan's life by fall blowing to the USMC security measures during last month's state visit, it was welcome but hardly final. The dry run, the sweeps, the box formations, hospital preparations, mappings—all will continue until the first leader's jet lands and the real work begins. Says a security official: "Everything. Bursey's left-hand shoe diver seen contains details on the July 19 sunrise (5:32 a.m.) and sunset (8:45). He'll deal with rain if he has to, but a dark cloud over Canada is to be avoided at all costs."

—BOB MACGREGOR



help of logic do American assassins persuade themselves that killing their president will somehow redress the frustrations of their towering inadequacy? Is it a cultural handicap...to be blamed on the diluted authority of family, school, church and state? Or is the answer hidden in the guns, a hereditary risk, a mutant gene? What an vicious cycle is not in doubt, but the list of symptoms is long, and there is no ready consensus on the diagnosis. Many commentators have stressed the frontier psychology of America's roots, an ethic flourishing still in the inner cities, where grief-stricken are frequently settled at the point of a gun. But just as many insist that is self-flagellation, without proper cause. "I've been studying political violence for 30 years," notes Chicago psychiatrist Lawrence Z. Freedman, "and it's much too facile to make that hypothesis—the high noon mentality—and apply it across the board. We've got to resist as rationally as we can."

Freedman, psychiatric counsel to Lyndon Johnson's 1965 Commission on Violence in America, drafted a profile



Hockley in front of White House last year (above); Foster in scene from 'Taxi Driver'; pathological divisions

campaign appearance, Hockley was arrested in Nashville, Tenn., trying to board an airplane with three guns and ammunition in his suitcase.

More than anything else, he seemed to have been motivated by his love for Foster, pursuing her for seven months by letter and by poem and hanging around her dormitory on the Yale University campus, where the 19-year-old actress was a freshman student. "If what I've read is accurate, this is a picture of a paranoid schizophrenic," says Brown University psychiatrist Barry Gelfin-



McGee (far left) dry run past Peace Tower; Bursey will it happen, how?



kel. "He was delusional in the classic sense—having a fixed, false belief, wholly out of keeping with the prevailing culture. He was delusional." The guns, the Nazis, the assassination attempt compensated for Hockley's lack of self-esteem. He fell in love with a piece of fiction, a combination of lights and shadow on a screen, and he enlarged the fantasy by applying it to his own dream, otherwise aimless, costless.

A great deal remains unknown about Hockley and his movements in the weeks preceding the attack. For a man with so few friends, he made a remarkable number of phone calls—34 at the Golden Hours motel in Denver, Colo., where he stayed for 39 days in March,

several more in Nashville last October, and some in Washington. The FBI, insisting that Hockley acted alone, is now trying to locate and interview the recipients.

Hockley's mental status is also uncertain. For the next 30 days, he will undergo psychiatric testing at a federal penitentiary in North Carolina. He has been deemed mentally competent to stand trial, but may still plead not guilty by reason of insanity. The changes so far leveled against him, a plea march favored by previous assassins. He is under blanket security; the justice department is anxious to avoid a repetition of Dallas, where John F. Kennedy's accused assassin, Lee Harvey



Oswald, was shot to death by Jack Ruby in the basement of the police station two days after his assassination.

The FBI has already acted under its task for failing to notify the Secret Service about Hinkley's Norfolk arrest. "Had we known at all," Secret Service Director R. Stuart Knight told a Senate subcommittee last week, "we would have at a minimum conducted an interview with the gentleman . . . and as a result, perhaps something more." As for the service's own performance, Knight denied that any security lapses had occurred, and repeated what is apparent on the videotape that his agency had reacted quickly and bravely to protect the president's life. "What could we have done to have prevented the attempt?" asked the service's press director Jim Boyle. "Nothing. As long as security needs to see the president, in person and in any circumstances, we can only reduce the odds of an assassination occurring. We can't repeat the law of averages." The Secret Service plans to conduct an internal investigation of the event, but few changes are expected. Ronald Reagan is a man who enjoys playing to audiences and those would probably be negative political consequences for any president kept exclusively under wraps and away from a live crowd. Reagan will be persuaded to wear his bulletproof vest more frequently, but the show will go on.

Unhappily, the same fate—as a target—must change. It is only slowly awaits the gun control debate. The weapons that caused nearly half the president's blood volume and caused extensive brain damage to press secretary James Brady, a 40-year-old Marine (Oswald made rural) manufactured in West Germany and assembled—in circumstances of the 1968 Gun Control Act—in Miami. Hinkley purchased this "Saturday night special" in Dallas on a day less than six months ago. There are an estimated 80 million such handguns in the U.S. and the number grows by almost three million annually. Says Sen. Edward Kennedy: "It's like an army camp in the neighborhood." Inevitably, an island that requires registration of pets and cars, minimal restrictions apply in most states to handguns and efforts to impose tougher controls are portrayed by the powerful gun lobbies as infringement on the rights of individual rights. Two very spectacles is alerted by hypocritical politicians, who deny congressional impotence to enact burning legislation and at the same time eagerly accept campaign contributions from the National Rifle Association.



Richard Allen (left) and Helge Reagan in hospital with Nancy. High-spirited



tion and similarly well-endowed Jewish. Writing in *The Wall Street Journal* last week, Hinkley's former state department spokesman and President Jimmy Carter, noted only: "Ours is the only nation in the world in which any crime, criminal or conscientious citizen with the price of a tank of gas is entitled to get the rest of us as a ride to oblivion. Not surprisingly, we have one of the world's highest murder rates and the highest death-by-gun rate."

Ironically, Reagan himself has been one of the loudest and loudest opponents of handgun controls, arguing that laws now in existence have had no impact on crime rates, and do not deter criminals, as amount of public protest will every Congress, if the administration refuses to back the bill. "Personally, I'm for gun control," says House Speaker Tip O'Neill. "But realistically, I don't think it can pass."

On this issue, as on others, Capitol Hill is apt to be sympathetic to Ronald

Reagan's political desires. His string of one-liners, his self-deprecating wit, his calm in the face of her tragedy are transforming into enormous popularity. "Nothing is more exhilarating than being shot without result," a Churchillian quip the president is reported to have quoted in the recovery room. And nothing, he might have added, is more likely to add to one's standing in the polls. Reagan's approval rating soared 11 points in a *Washington Post/ABC* survey taken one day after the shooting. The Senate last week overwhelmingly approved the White House's requested budget cuts (and then some) And partisan Democrats on the fund-raising circuit edited their speeches, lest criticism of the Reagan proposals be construed as personal attacks. In a sense, the assassination attempt has fortified the Reagan legend; he is now not only the Oldest and Wisest, but the Toughest—an extraordinary physical specimen, his doctors said—a septuagenarian who took an exploding Remington-Union bullet in the chest and walked into the hospital.

As subsequent reports have made clear, Reagan was actually in far more danger than the earliest bulletins revealed. He collapsed in the emergency room and was losing blood at an alarming rate, and it was the meticulous of internal bleeding that forced doctors to operate. Nevertheless, if his recuperation proceeds without serious complications, the president will enjoy a level of popularity support that may sustain him most vocal critics.

Some of them were in the audience of AFL-CIO conference delegates on the day of shooting. It was a day that would have been memorable only for its weather, if it all, an intermittent drizzle

which scattered the crowd's first cheer. Moments on the last great moment. On Capitol Hill that morning, Senate minority leader Robert Byrd had introduced a resolution to make square dancing the national folk dance of America. "To signify the cheerful spirit of our society." At issue, in the White House briefing room, press secretary Brady, a soft South-like man much admired by the press, noted the president's schedule. He would speak at 2 p.m., return at 2:30. A meeting with David Rockefeller was on the agenda, as was a session with GOP members in the House. A banquet had been penciled in for 5:30. He would have dinner with Health and Human Services Secretary Richard Schweiker.

Emerging from the hotel's VIP entrance on T Street, Reagan began the seven-minute trip to his limousine, surrounded by Secret Service agents, close aides and Washington policemen. He was smiling, his expression one that seemed half delight at the size of the crowd and half surprise that people would bother to stand in the rain for this fleeting glimpse of him. Suddenly, there was that second sight, that too familiar report of gunfire. His balance emptied in less than three seconds, the president pushed bodily into the car by his chief bodyguard, Brady fell down on the sidewalk, blood coming from his head and down a rusting metal grate, with two other bodies. Screams and shouting all around as the assassin is surrounded and subdued and hurried into a police sedan. And all of it preserved in videotape, in television and stop-action and freeze-frame publicity.

With oxygenated blood dripping from the president's neck, Secret Service agents hurried him to the nearest hospital. The first news reports announced that Reagan has escaped serious injury and it is almost as how he has prevailed and that the Great Gatsby appears in the briefing room to confirm that Reagan has been shot once in the left side and that surgery is being contemplated. The senior members of the cabinet, George Shultz, has gathered in the Situation Room. A half hour later, deputy press secretary Larry Spokes arrives, his perfectly burrowed hair for once out of place. He cannot confirm rumors that the president has been given blood transfusions or is in surgery. Asked whether the White House has been phoned on higher alert, Spokes says: "Not that I'm aware of."

Minutes later, Alexander Haig takes the podium. There is sweat on his lip and his voice is tremulous. Though his intent is to reassure the nation and



Haig, an unlikely eloquence in society



Hinkley is moved under heavy security after an attempt, unremembered chest

America's allies that the center will hold, he took himself like a man on the very brink of panic. The blood has drained from his cheeks. "As of now, I am in control here in the White House, pending the return of the vice-president."

It is a precarious moment. The president is in surgery, the extent of his injuries unknown. The vice-president, a flying back from Texas, Reagan's principal adjutants, Jim Baker and Ed Meese, are with him at the hospital and speaking over unsecured phone lines to the Situation Room. Haig's performance, which they watch on television, alarms them. It also alarms Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. When Haig returns to the Situation Room, there are heated words between them. While Haig had insisted on television that "no alert measures are necessary," Weinberger has already insisted some

military units to increase their readiness status. Weinberger, citing the national command authority that operates in time of military crisis, insists that he is in charge. Haig makes the same claim, mistakenly based on the U.S. constitution.

Later, with the medical prognosis optimistic, the White House launches a salvage operation for Al Haig's political career. The same trickle of power that set out two weeks ago to limit Haig's foreign policy control soon recognizes the damage such turmoil did to the Reagan team as a whole. With the secretary's first trip through the Middle East now in progress (see story page 38), Meese, Baker and Mike Deaver are busy praising Haig's performance in the crisis, desperately trying to restore his diminishing credibility. A lone



exception is a lone secretary of state who makes it a lame administration. But even now there are whispers that Al Haig is finished, his departure only a matter of time.

Beyond these short-term political considerations, it is something to reflect on how few people are surprised by the attack on Reagan's life. Haig seems to have expected it in a frightening way. Americans have become so used to violence it is so much a part of urban existence that what they see on television and what they see on their streets are all of the same piece, the distinctions between murderous reality and what police for art have been blurred. The attempted Reagan assassination is like an episode from some old police drama, gone into daytime reruns. It is an episode the nation has seen before and, sadly, seems destined to see again. □

# General Haig's unbridgeable gulf

Middle East leaders greet Haig with apprehension



By Ian Mather

When U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig arrives in Saudi Arabia this week on his Middle East tour, he will find the rulers of the Persian Gulf acutely suspicious about Western intentions as well as his own credibility. There has been much strident talk by members of the Reagan administration about the Hagui Deployment Force (HDF), which could be sent to the Gulf in an emergency, and this has not gone down well locally. Haig was preceded on his tour by Britain's Defense Minister John Nott and will be followed by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who just reached Washington already endorsed the new concept. Such wording is very flattering to the Gulf rulers. But they remain dubious about their nation's motives.

They are also in a dilemma. On the one hand, they want the best military equipment that money can buy to defend their oilfields. That means purchases from the U.S. or Western Europe since they have no inclination to move toward the Soviets, and the recycling of their petrodollars inevitably flows that way to the Western oilcart. On the other hand, Arabians are also sensitive to fear led to be overtly identified with Western intentions. So does their concern about what they see as failure by the U.S. to force Israel to give up the occupied territories on the West Bank and the Golan Strip. Finally, they

to be in the area. The Americans had asked the British Frigate Apollo, one of two permanently stationed off Oman, to help find it. But Apollo's sonar waves, transmitted from the surface, were wrongly beaming back from the point where the hot surface water met the cooler water lower down. So the search was fruitless.

The Gulf states are alarmed by these war games played in deadly earnest on their doorstep. It only makes it worse that the Reagan administration is seeking to increase the Western military commitment. Washington accepts that "hase" is a dirty word and that a large uninvited combat force, able to sustain itself only through the presence

establish bases closer at hand.

In this regard, Haig seems destined to meet with little success. Only one Gulf state, Oman, has so far agreed to accommodate some of the requests made of it. That the U.S. Corps of Engineers is to lengthen the runway at a disused air base on the island of Masira to enable it to take Galaxy military transports and to build fuel, storage and ammunition depots. The U.S. is also to lengthen the runway at Muscat International Airport, and to develop facilities at Thaurat, an old airfield in western Oman.

The U.S. has around 1,000 technicians, some of them associated with four airborne warning and control sys-



Western military presence in the Gulf

shore of even larger logistical support, is unacceptable and liable to give the anti-American feelings. So it is planning a small scale force supplied from the sea. But even then some land facilities are needed, and the administration has been pressing for agreements with states in the region.

They have had some success with President Anwar Sadat, who has agreed to allow the U.S. to build facilities for the now at the Egyptian air base at Ras Banas on the Red Sea, with Somalia, which is allowing the U.S. to develop the air base at Berbera, originally built by the Soviets, with Kenya, for port facilities at Mombasa, and with the British, who are permitting the U.S. to build a major air base on the Indian Ocean island of Diego Garcia. But three facilities are far away from the action—Mombasa is about a week's sailing time from the Gulf—and the U.S. is eager to

craft carrier Nimble wanted to put its crew ashore on a remote beach for a few hours during the hostage crisis, Sultan Qaboos bin Said demurred. Now, and only very discreetly, each of the British warships is permitted to land its crew once a week—to have a barbecue meal miles from habitation. The fact is that no Omanis will see them or smell their cook smoke.

## Israel

### Dayan and the deep blue sea

"Where is the well-oiled party machine?" anguished left-bank loyalists demanded of Labor opposition leader Shimon Peres in a fringe ad in the party daily *Demor*. "Where are you? Where is everybody?" Three months before the Israeli general election, Labor workers are worried that victory, which seemed so certain, is slipping from them. The polls confirm that Menachem Begin's Likud is pulling back last support. They differ only on the extent of the recovery.

In the most optimistic survey so far, the *Jerusalem Post* last week gave Labor 45 MPs in the 120-member Knesset to the right-wing Likud's 55. In January, the same poll gave Labor 58 and the Likud 20. "It's going to be much closer than any of us expected," said Menachem Smith, the country's leading electoral analyst. At the last election, in 1977, Start was the only expert who spotted the late surge that gave Begin his triumph—the first defeat for Labor since the founding of the Jewish state 29 years earlier. On the present showing he still thinks Labor will win, but he doubts whether Peres will emerge strong enough to negotiate a ceasefire and implement Labor's offer to yield territory on the occupied West Bank and Golan Strip in return for a peace agreement with King Hussein of Jordan.

Coalition building was made harder last Saturday by Moshe Dayan's announcement that he would run for election at the head of a new centrist party. The former defence and foreign minister's main plank in the unilateral opposition of administrative autonomy on the West Bank and Golan Palestinian, which a backer might be used to an agreed solution is unattractive and a device for perpetuating Israeli rule over the occupied territories. If he has to form a coalition, Peres may well have to choose between the devil of Dayan and the deep blue sea of the increasingly

British National Religious Party. Begin is interested in territorial compromise. Survey predictions of Dayan's chances have ranged from four to 19 seats. On the evidence so far, he is reluctant to draw too many votes from Labor in every seat from Likud supporters.

Nothing, however, highlights Peres' lethargic approach more than his attitude to Likud's dismal economic and social record. If Labor is to win a convincing majority on June 29, it has to focus hard on this issue. Inflation rose by 33 per cent last year and real income fell by 9.3 per cent. The National Insurance Institute reported a 17.5-per-cent rise in applications for unemployment benefits in March (reported unemployment in Galilee went up by as much as 68 per cent). Yet Peres has still to appoint an economic spokesman to present an alternative policy.

Meanwhile, Begin's finance minister, Yoram Aridor, is tempting voters with a sales tax increase—cars and other luxuries in the fore—and paying generous not-of-finding increments. Aridor's cuts have played a major part in changing the atmosphere of the campaign. Many Oriental Jewish working-class voters, who flocked to Begin in 1977, were distributed by his eco-



Begin (above) and Dayan (below) tempting the voters with tax breaks on luxury items



nomic failure. But they swung to Labor without enthusiasm. A stable proportion was now finding their way back. At its peak in January, Labor's hold over the Likud among those voters, who represent 64 per cent of the electorate, was 35 per cent to 39 per cent. In March the split was almost level at 33 per cent for Labor and 38 for Likud.

At the same time as it is hurting the economic issue, the government is highlighting its expansionist tactics on the West Bank—seizing disputed land from Arab farmers, building settlements, and housing tens of thousands of voters to see what Ariel Sharon, the belligerent chairman of the cabinet settlement committee, has achieved in the past four years. By contrast, Labor's advocacy of the "Jordanian option" is too tricky for most voters. The effort has been to keep the Palestinian issue in the headlines while projecting a weak and confused government. Many Israelis prefer Begin's unabashed chauvinism.

—JON KATZ

## Thailand

### The king's will be done

Like bystanders at a spectacle whose novelty has worn off, Thai citizens seemed singularly unalarmed last week as their country's leadership bled in the balance for three days. Having grown used to military coups—there have been 18 attempts since 1932—they patiently waited as Prime Minister from Thailand sought a propaganda war for their loyalty against the general who sought to overthrow him, Gen. Chulaporn, 61, his former chief adviser.

Banners of an impending coup had gone over the collapse of Gen. Prem's coalition government last month amid mortuary looking. The coalition failed to replace it was thought likely to collapse from its own incoherence within months and, as a result, would have given among a group of soldiers known as the "Young Turks." It was with their backing as well as that of the supreme commander, Gen. Sani Nakhon, that Sani ordered troops into the streets Wednesday.

The rebels had cause for optimism at the end of the week when the capital was seized. But Sani, a third-set determined-looking man, had made his first mistake even before he went on national radio at 3 a.m. to announce Prem's ouster, the abolition of the constitution and the dissolution of parliament (ignoring established political conventions, he had



King Bhumibol Adulyadej (Jahorn), Queen Sirikit (left) and their daughter in traffic jams



rejected to inform Thailand's revered King Bhumibol Adulyadej of his plans. Equally abhorrently, he permitted Prem to visit the royal palace, ostensibly to submit his resignation. That was permitted Prem to call other military units to his aid before engaging with the king and his family to the town of Krasak, 50 km to the northwest.

Within hours of the take-over the credibility of the rebel officers began to fade. In a TV address Sani claimed to have the backing of all three armed services. But it quickly emerged that all but about 7,000 of the 230,000-man military remained solidly behind Prem. Most decisive of all, King Bhumibol abandoned the strict neutrality traditionally practised by the royal family and announced that Sani and his co-conspirators had been fired. In a desperate bid to win back public support, Sani's Revolutionary Party backtracked, announcing that the constitution would be restored and parliament reconvened.

And a disheartened Sani sent emissaries to negotiate with Prem. Meanwhile, in the streets of Bangkok civilians peered at tanks and troops caught up in traffic jams. The confusion was further underlined by a rebel corporal who announced, "I only learned we had staged a coup when I heard it on the radio." The outcome seemed predictable and, in the early light of Prem's troops not firing upon him as they chased rebel troops from the capital, Sani had fled by helicopter to

an unknown destination but several rebel officers were arrested and faced disciplinary action.

Assessing the outcome of the coup attempt, most observers felt that Prem's decisive victory had offset his reputation as a vacillating leader. "The Young Turks have essentially performed the prime minister's great service," agreed one political analyst. "His position has been increasingly strengthened."

—JAMES FLEMING

With Alex from Nicholas Cummings-Draze

## Italy

### Screenplay for a happy hooker

It was in the best television tradition a hidden camera recording the reactions of unsuspecting subjects to a contrived situation. The problem was that in this case the "hidden camera" was contained in a prostitute's bedroom, and several powerful people—including Christian Democrat parliamentarians and Rome's district attorney—were not amused. As a result, the 90-minute documentary, produced by Italy's state-run Rai television and co-authored by film feminists, was scheduled hours before its scheduled airing. And last week, the district attorney's office launched an investigation that could result in criminal charges against the women and seven Rai producers for invasion of privacy and aiding and abetting prostitution, illegal in Italy since 1958.

Reviewed A.A.A. Giffen (A.A.A. Avoid)



La Croix filmed through two-way mirror

able, after the newspaper classified ads taken out by prostitutes in Italy, the film chronicles the comports of several male clients with a 25-year-old French hooker, Veronique la Croix, who was brought to Rome by the film-makers and installed in a rented room complete with a large bed, wall-to-wall mirrors and four brass rings. Hidden microphones recorded the dialogue and the all-women troupe filmed the action from behind a two-way mirror. To pre-

vent identification, the men's faces later were covered and their voices particularly distorted. Explicit sex scenes were carefully omitted.

The film's makers, who last year made a much-maligned documentary of a rape trial, hoped their latest effort would provide some insight into a rarely glimpsed aspect of mass sexuality, while also calling attention to the plight of prostitutes. What emerged, however, was a less than illuminating document of the mendacious dealings between Veronique and her clients. The customers ranged from teen-agers to middle-aged men, most of whom spent more time haggling over Veronique's price (€50) than enjoying her favors. Some tenderly showed her photos of their wives and children, and only one displayed any sexual quirk: "Wasp me," he pleaded, "I am your slave." The sole moment of tension occurred when a young woman, who claimed to be a police officer, flashed a balanced pistol and insisted he was accustomed to receiving such services for free. Veronique relented.

Whatever the outcome of the case, it seems unlikely that A.A.A. Giffen will be shown on television. But disappointed viewers have been generously compensated by detailed descriptions of the film—including vivid far-wild dialogue—printed in most of the major newspapers. Meanwhile, the figure estimated by all the films in Veronique who has happily resumed her professional activities in Paris. Before she left, Veronique posed for a centerfold spread in the Italian *Playboy* magazine and granted scenes of interviews, in which she expressed a candid railing about her life and a profound dislike of feminists. —THEODORE LARUE

### 'They are killing ordinary people'

The telephone in Dr. Abraham Hinn's house in Zable rang five times before a Beirut female voice answered. The voice would not identify herself but, reaching the caller was friendly, she simply said, "Listen to the gun." Through the crackle of a bad line came the unmistakable sound of shells falling on the eastern Lebanese town. There was no water, said the woman, and there was no electricity. The food was running out. "Why are they doing this to us?" she asked. "They are killing ordinary people, not the fighters in the street."

It was a message of Lebanon's agonizing problems that after three days of precision war by tanks and artillery, no one had figured out exactly why the

Syrian army, supposedly keeping the peace between Christians and Moslems, had suddenly become it in such a bloody manner. There are 250,000 people in Zable, most of them Christians, and by the third night 70 had died and another 300 were injured.

The best clue to the reason for the action seemed to be complaints in press-Syrian newspapers in Beirut that the Christians had been withholding made around Zable to link up with other Christian towns in eastern Lebanon. Syrian sources in the Lebanese capital pointed out that this would further strengthen the powerful Christian militia forces in the east—which have received large quantities of arms in recent months. One theory gaining respectability was that if violence in the east and in the Beirut area, the Christians would link up with the Israeli-supported militia of renegade Lebanese army major Gen. Haddad, a rebellion, in southern Lebanon. Syrian

besided by the Israelis—who have recently used stern warnings against new UN Commander Maj. Gen. William Collins, also threatening to send Lebanese army troops into southern Lebanon—the combined force could then move against major Palestinian concentrations in the south.

As if to emphasize the point, the Syrian, within hours of the initial Zable attack, also threatened to send Lebanese troops into Beirut and the neighboring Christian community of Ashrafia. A school bus was hit by mortar fire, seven children died and scores were injured. Adding insult to injury, the Syrians ignored an order from Lebanese President Elias Haddad to stop firing. At week's end, despite appeals to Syria's President Hafez al-Assad, shells were raining down on Zable, Beirut and southern Lebanon, making fears that the country might again be torn to civil war.

—SEAN DOUGLAS

# Neck and neck in Quebec

René Lévesque's slick march and Claude Ryan's plodding trek to the wire



By David Thomas

It is a crazy head poke through the doorway and across the dining table like an agitated fly. Then, startled head cocked for action, Claude Ryan strides at the nearest table where surprised lanchers suddenly must shift from picking the bones of a barbecued chicken to grasping the handles of instant clams. There's no band, but there's a cassette recorder clung over the shoulder of an accompanying aide enables the tiny Liberal campaign team which even Ryan's chief communications adviser, Gilles Lavoie, admits "has a depressing effect on auditors."

A few hours later, the chest-swelling jungle of the Parti Québécois swells clearly from a battery of 32 concert hall speakers, barely overpowering the solitary roar from 8,000 voices directed at the little man on stage, who lifts his hands in a gesture of feigned possibility, which serves only to amplify the trill of René Lévesque's managed to damp his party's objective of Quebec independence and still maintain the fervor of the faithful. At the campaign entered its last week before the April 13 vote, there was increasing possibility that he might retain his job too.

Such was the contrast Thursday between Lévesque's slick march and the plodding trek of Ryan that even the religious Liberal leader's own entourage



Lévesque among the faithful, Ryan (with former Thoroldian) among the cows: the furor of the still-contested

was paying for the intemperance of a power greater than himself. Ryan's press attack, Michele Binis, wrote a private note Thursday specializing that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau might once again risk to Ryan's aid as he did in last May's referendum campaign, when he promised to negotiate new constitutional changes that would satisfy Quebec. Trudeau had been shaken, noted Binis, by opinion polls indicating that "the ground seems to be slipping from under our feet." Ryan publicly disclaimed the need for Trudeau's assistance, but there was no denying the unexpected closeness of the race. Two respected surveys published in mid-campaign showed the PQ leading among undecided voters, even allowing that most unconvinced voters will finally fall to the Liberals. That factor has twice caused the Liberals to lose elections—in 1944 and 1966—to its old rival, the Union Nationale (now led by René LaSalle).

Ryan's Liberals had anticipated the election campaign as a heady, con-

stant that Quebecers would continue to repudiate the PQ as they had in the referendum and a string of 11 by-elections. It appears, however, that the referendum victory of federal forces paroled separatism from voter preoccupation and related partisan polarization over the issue. Ironically, the fear factor is now working against Ryan as his acidic, impetuous personality emerges in the hotly contested campaign. Lévesque feeds the fear by suggesting that Ryan would dismantle the PQ government's language legislation, its protective zoning of agricultural land and its measures to ensure safe working conditions. The strategy worked well enough to cause Ryan to drop his neo-fascist dance to right. Liberal schools to all anglophone immigrants. He also became a late convert to the cause of saving agricultural land from speculators, but attracted his oppositioners by promising to eliminate a sales tax on agricultural machinery—a tax that does not exist. Ryan's unfamiliarity with farm matters was further evident Thursday during a fifteen-minute tour of Arthur Desjardins dairy farm near Mirabel Airport. Unfamiliar of a cow's intentions when she lifts her tail, Ryan narrowly avoided being fertilized after he bent to examine the animal's udder.

Rural voters are important to Ryan because many are old Union Nationale loyalists who voted for federalist forces

in the referendum but who have been replaced by the desire of their party. Parti Québécois strength in rural ridings seems to indicate a greater affinity to Lévesque's new-moderated nationalism than to Ryan's Liberals, still identified as the party of his enemies.

So reduced are cultural tensions in Quebec that Lévesque was warmly welcomed last week at McGill University. Not one question was raised about language or independence as the students, like many Quebecers, appeared to accept the premier at his word. "I went into chapter and verse about the referendum campaign. It wasn't exactly attractive in many ways but, what the hell, it's over and we accepted the result."

The visible success of Lévesque's promise to achieve attempts to break a change in Quebec's status during a second mandate has worried Ryan, causing him to reinforce the election as Referendum II. "If we vote differently April 13 than we did last May 20, the referendum will not have been such a waste." Only he, argues Ryan, can wrench from Trudeau the increased powers for Quebec that federalist forces were promising last spring. But Ryan's credibility

WHY NOT FOR THE LIBERAL NATIONAL?



on that score is weakened by Trudeau's determination to avoid further negotiations with the province before his unilateral patriation is completed.

Caught in a constitutional no man's land between Lévesque and Trudeau, and with voters sure to split in the face of the old separatist rhetoric, Ryan has been maneuvered to throw in a towel for which he is ill-prepared. His incessant shaking of hands in restaurants and shopping centers worked well enough against the spectre of recession. This time, however, he's fighting a popular premier and a party determined to resist on top.

## How big wheels deal



Kaplan, Plourde and Bédard: bridging the curious hope but no progress

By John Hay

After the Tories entered their way into a seventh day of filibuster in the Commons two hours before, New Democrat Ed Broadbent quietly slipped into Joe Clark's office last week hoping for a deal. Broadbent had just hung up the phone after getting Pierre Trudeau's assurance that the government would accept the view's formula for ending the constitutional stalemate. Now he would put the same proposition to Clark. The Tories would let the House vote on opposition amendments to the Liberal package, the government would seek a Supreme Court decision on its legality and then Parliament would vote on final passage. Clark heard Broadbent out and gave his reply in an advance. The filibuster, which had seemed by turns an impressive show of opposition muscle and a tedious waste of time, was proving irresistible. To a pained public, it seemed inescapable.

To the Tories taking part, the Conservative strategy was simplicity itself. Commanding a Commons majority, the government would win any vote on its proposed motion to shut down the constitution debate after four final days. So, using House rules, the Tories managed to prevent debate on that motion just by raising enough points of order and conditions of privilege to consume all the hours between questions period and the nightly adjournment. A weary but remarkably unfazed Speaker Jeanne Sauvé was driven to remark last week that never in Parliament's history had it taken as long to reach orders of the day, not even in the famous papal debate of 1950 had a speaker spent such

long hours in the chair without relief from a deputy. Day upon day she has ruled on points by the score—complaints of misleading answers from ministers, a senator using the letters "Mr" after his name, offences by the Metric Commissioner; the inaccuracy of Commons clocks; the use of asparagous language (raised by a Tory MP who didn't like being called a "sample-minded hypocrite"). One point was Clark's view that the constitutional resolution was not justice because the Supreme Court had agreed to hear the case April 28. Sauvé dismissed that on the grounds that Parliament may, in effect, debate what it likes and cannot be blocked by any court.

Already in full flight, the Tories got a powerful lift from the Newfoundland Court of Appeal, which ruled unanimously last week that Trudeau's project is unconstitutional because it does not carry provincial consent to changes in provincial powers (in the new charter of rights, for instance). In a 68-page judgment, the court declared the provinces are sovereign in their own fields. For Parliament to seek a change in provincial powers through a British amendment to the British North America Act "would be amounting to themselves an authority they do not possess, an authority that would negate the plenary and exclusive power of the provinces to legislate on matters within their competence." Such action, said the court, "could defend the whole scheme of the Canadian federal constitution."

The judgment was greatly encouraging to the six provinces that had taken the case to court in St. John's in February, arguing that Trudeau was breach-

ing a convention that provinces must agree before the British Parliament is asked for an amendment to the 1871 Act, altering their powers. It contradicts, however, the Feb. 3 judgment of the Manitoba Court of Appeal, which ruled in a 3 to 2 split decision on the same question that "there is no such constitutional convention in Canada, at least not yet." It is this Manitoba case which goes to the Supreme Court this month; a Court Appeal Court decision is still pending in Quebec City.

First word of the adverse Newfoundland



Clark, Broadbent and Trudeau: one good compromise dissolves another

land judgment was handed to Trudeau in a meeting of the cabinet's powerful priorities and planning committee, which immediately began to consider possible federal responses. Shortly after, Trudeau announced his move in the Commons: he agreed to delay pressing the package upon the British Parliament if the Tories would permit its passage in Canada in time for the Supreme Court hearing. After consulting his caucus, Clark countered next day with a plan of his own: all three parties would bundle up their proposed amendments and send them with the Trudeau resolution down the street to the Supreme Court for an opinion. Then the dispute would wait. Trudeau, arguing that the high court should receive "something certain and final," Clark insisting that until the Supreme Court renders judgment the whole package is illegal under Newfoundland law. Declared Clark: "We are not prepared to have the House of Commons vote on a matter which has been declared illegal by the Supreme Court of Newfoundland." Constitutional closed-door meetings, among party House leaders failed to break the impasse, culminated Nov. 20 when Stanley Knowles and beryl Tory Walter Baker would emerge from Liberal Free Press's office into the waiting curiosity of reporters, speaking at length but no

## British Columbia

### Marcus Welby sings the blues

It is 4 a.m. and Vancouver general practitioner Dr. David Hestup is sitting in a hospital waiting room, exhausted. He has just performed a difficult forceps delivery of a distressed baby. Pulling on a cigarette, he reflects that he has shepherded the mother through nine months of pregnancy and will give her six weeks of postnatal assistance. He will charge the provincial government \$249. The week before, his wife had undergone a root canal treatment, consisting of two 30-minute sessions with a dentist, and she had been billed \$250. "We doctors," he sighs, "are crazy."

It is this shared sentiment among 3,700 B.C. doctors that caused Canada's tattered medicine system to develop another yawning rift last week as British Columbia's doctors threatened to abandon the 15-year-old plan completely. The threat came after the provincial government introduced leg-



GPs Hestup and Welby: 50 a day

islation that would block the B.C. Medical Association's legal right to "extra bill" payments above fees laid down by insurers.

In a running battle, which has grown steamy with acrimony over the months, doctors two weeks ago rejected a "trial" provincial government fee schedule increase of 20 per cent by a resounding 50-per-cent vote and voted 66 per cent in favour of instituting extra billing equal to their 45-per-cent demand when their contract expired April 1. The move meant the province's doctors would have joined colleagues in eight other provinces, a proportion of whom privately bill patients over and above medi-

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case coverage. Quebec would have been the sole exception. In the same way B.C. now proposes, Quebec forces doctors who enter full to leave the medicine system.

B.C. Health Minister Don Mathias's heretofore legislation, which reduces the increasingly inflexible statutes adopted by both sides, was stalled in the B.C. House last last week, but is almost certain to be passed. It will allow federal Health Minister Manogon Digne. A passionate extra billing opponent, Digne rose in the House of Commons earlier last month and threatened to cut off federal fee sharing of provincial health costs (about \$1.6 billion or nearly 60 per cent of medical payments for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1980) if provinces did not legislate to end extra billing. Critics of the provision fear it will lead to a two-tier health system—for rich and poor. Under the B.C. Medical Association's new rules, privately care costs would have jumped to \$200 from \$20, an effort went to \$35 from \$15.00—the difference added to the patient directly if the province wouldn't pay. Physicians were it would be like a return to the bad old days before medical insurance, or even when incomes were asked to visit the doctor. Others foresee the recovery of private insurance companies



Health Minister Mathias is a foe of extra billing.

into basic health care, now fee-for-service, further undermining the current system. "I am deeply concerned about the future of medicine," warns University of British Columbia health economist Robert Evans.

B.C.'s Social Credit government has contributed to the public relations building taken by doctors in the ongoing debate by publishing dramatic graphs showing that B.C. physicians already have the nation's highest fee schedules

(but not income, due to higher overhead costs). Voters argue that doctors' demands would push family insurance premiums to \$200 from \$200 a year. Angry B.C. Medical Association President Dr. Alex Mandelkovic calls government attacks "crummy, rotten propaganda" put out by a government "that will do anything to break the medical establishment." He says the only thing that will destroy medicine will be "government interference."

Still, their critics who spread sympathy with the B.C. doctors' need to catch up. Nationally, physicians' incomes failed to meet their 70 per cent above those in other professions in the early years of medicine, then declined with a declining rate to only 10 per cent above by 1970, according to the B.C. House, before rebounding somewhat in recent years. Of more concern to doctors is the pressure to see more patients in a short span to maintain a steady standard of living. "When doctors see 50 patients in a day," says Vancouver GP Morris Hayman, "the quality of care goes down, it has to go down." Still, balance billing (the patient pays the balance over medical rates) was not something B.C. doctors looked forward to. "It's a hassle, it's expensive and it's going to make people upset," says Bishop, who notes

## Anchors aweigh, captain's away

Charles Beetz, Newfoundland's minister of transport and proud new captain of an 11-metre cabin cruiser, found his cabin cruiser of command too much last week as he landed on the political rocks without ever putting out to sea. That the downfall of Beetz, 44, in two years in the legislature and five in the cabinet, came so early is perhaps a sign of the party's mood and with which the two-year-old Brian Peckford government upholds its promise of "honesty and integrity." Beetz's use of government men and equipment to move his pleasure boat across the island, compared to the surer of scandal Newfoundlanders are used to, seemed small stuff. But after Beetz had a chat with his old friend Peckford, the two agreed that, he may make "the mistake under pressure" of misleading the House of Assembly. Beetz had no choice but to resign. "In politics," said Peckford, "that's the price you have to pay."

Beetz, 44, was born in St. John's, moved to Harbour Breton in the south west end, before winter set in, he had to move her from the unprotected wharfway there to a permanent mooring in Charlevoix, the east shore where he lives. He couldn't find a mooring enough for the job except a limited, fast-operated



by his own department. So, as he told the house much later when the Liberal opposition asked the minister last month, he "knew" the boat and a work crew to transport the boat to its new home port. When challenged, he talked his way out of it. "I had a lot of work to do," he said, "I had a lot of work to do."

moving job—a hefty \$10,000—saying that had he known the price in advance, "I wouldn't have touched this with a 50-foot pole." It turned out that was a bargain because he first told opposition questioners he had already paid the \$10, then later tabled documents "sent to

show he intended to pay it. The Liberal cried "bribe" and he paid with his cabinet job as well. The report finally produced showed the bridge charges had indeed been paid by March 20—but that was four days after the opposition first raised the matter.

Beetz's resignation was a political indiscretion, but which has also been defined as "one who are on the fence with his mug on one side and his wing on the other." Last week, the hapless minister's only speech was his last on the government back to the chair. —GEOFFREY BROWN

lates the true net income from his \$500,000 gross salary last year was \$21 an hour.

Confronted with the likelihood of approving Visa signs in doctors' offices, Health Minister Nordin acted decisively. Hours after hearing the results of the doctors' vote, he tabled Bill 36 which effectively cancelled a 1974 contract with the doctors that allowed legal action following if regulatory limits down. The bill freezes doctors at their current fee schedule and provides for binding arbitration by a government-appointed arbitrator or tribunal. A furious Macdonald spluttered, "This appears to be the beginning of the end for medicine," but came out of a Saturday morning broadcasting legal action against the bill instead of an immediate departure from the plan. The minister, however, reserved his right to recommend as he saw fit, which would be the first such concerted abandonment of medicine to the country.

The response to such a recommendation, however, would be less than clear. Until last week, no B.C. doctor had been willing to opt out of the scheme, as some of their colleagues in other provinces have done (17 per cent in Ontario). Many B.C. doctors regard the hyperbole of the dispute and, like Nordin, noted to reject the government's 15.5-per-cent offer in order to regain negotiations, not to opt out of an increasingly fragile medical system. Others, however, feel the same way as Bellinghams who says "We've been done for too long."

—THOMAS HOPKINS

"FBI doctors often go on a large scale tour of our country on (25) but returned after (25) before holiday are restricted."

## Close encounters of the Red kind

A bout near a north Canadian Forces CF-104 Voodoo fighters, screaming into the darkness off Canada's East Coast to intercept unidentified aircraft, have been finding Soviet reconnaissance bombers. Just when it was not to see, in a letter carrier, the Canadian track the Soviet Tu-95 Bears as they beat south on a route that will take them along the U.S. eastern seaboard to Cuba. When they out, the pilots from the 41st Bomber Fighter Squadron in Chatham, N.S. take a wire radio message of their prey, hit a spotlight switch and take photographs as the jets battle along at 600 km an hour.

"Spooking"—penetrating the North American Air Defence Command's (NORAD) radar test the reaction time—has been practised since the 1960s by the



Canadian Voodoo (above) spotlights a Soviet Bear, McKinnon (left) and Lammington, speaking, greeting and rubbing elbows with the enemy on your own turf

Soviets in three regions adjacent to Eastern Canada, around Iceland and near Alaska. Contacts with Soviet intruders, increasing steadily in recent years, now total more than 200 annually, says World War II place under command and Alaska, says Lt.-Col. Jack Partington, commander of the 416 squadron. "There has been a noticeable increase in the kind of activity in the last eight months" off the East Coast.

"That correlates with many recent reports that the Soviets have stepped up both the number and boldness of their reconnaissance forays into North American airspace. For instance, two Soviet spy planes were chased away recently by U.S. fighters only 20 minutes' flying time from New York City. There are even suggestions, denied by NORAD, that Soviet bombers have been regularly overflying Northern Canada. Defense Minister Oliver Lammington will say only that "sometimes there have been probes by the Russians" over Northern Canada, but they are "nothing significant."

It's not known how many enemy flights get through NORAD's spotty defence system. Last year NORAD fighters went after 539 unidentified intruders, 77 of which were never found. "After the '60s, bomber defence capability has been reduced to the point that we can't stop a bomber attack on this continent," admits Canadian Forces Maj. Clifford Zacharias. But that threat poses in com-

parison to the potential devastation that could be wrought by Soviet intercontinental and submarine-launched missiles, against which North America has no protection at all, points out Conservative defense critic Allan McKinnon. At least for the Canadian Forces pilots, the zero-radar encounters with Soviet bombers bore both skills and morals. Says Col. Partington, "A serviceman doesn't always get to rub elbows with the enemy on your own turf."

With files from William Lammington in Washington.

## Alberta

### Four wheels good, two wheels bad

When the Ghost Riders Motorcycle Club raised its Lethbridge, Alta., in late 1978, the 30 men and six women proudly wore their "baggies"—a spiked wheel shrouded in flames. By then ageing the club had left plenty of black clouds over the previously benign city of \$3,000. The original president of the Ghost Riders in the club, the current president is charged with his murder and three associates of the parent Washington state organization—two of them allegedly involved in

other murderous doings—are missing and presumed dead.

The club's litigious power struggle—as a Washington detective describes it—has led Lethbridge police from the half-forgotten body of Charles Donald Dragne, 41, in a search of a residential plot north of the city for traces of Kenneth Martin Solman, 35, Jeffrey Heath, 31, and his wife, Cathy, 30. The three fled Washington for Lethbridge in mid-December after Jeffrey Heath was charged with murdering Vernon Richard Hultenschmidt, past president of the Ghost Riders in Port Angeles, Wash. Steven Hultenschmidt, 36, the Lethbridge club president charged with the murder of Dragne, last week had three more counts of murder laid against him in connection with the disappearance of Solman and the Heaths sometime in February.

The Calgary Herald, quoting a police source outside Lethbridge, claims the three may have been put through the same grinder at the wedding plant by a worker who was paid drugs in exchange for the chase. Lethbridge police will admit to no more than having checked the plant. They have also searched the cruises, dragged the Oldman River and are keeping a watchful eye on Washington—just in case Solman and the Heaths should surface there alive. "Understanding their



Murdered Hultenschmidt four dead?

brotherhood as I do," says Port Angeles detective Roberts. Yet, that's not beyond the realm of possibility. Hultenschmidt may be simply clouting the state, taking the heat of Heath and Solman for the good of the whole brotherhood.

But if the three are indeed dead, the whole ring Lethbridge's murder toll so far this year is five, more than double the average year's total. On top

of that, there was the \$30,000 armed robbery of a Safeway store and, at the end of March, a gunman kidnapped the wife and two children of Edward McLaughlin, Safeway's manager, and forced him to sign the store's books. Says A. W. Shuckford, president of Majorities Theaters Ltd. "It's a sign of the times. There's been an element of safety here there hasn't been elsewhere. Merchants are going to have to take more precautions than they have. The city's growing and it's getting heat."

The Ghost Riders have left a violent, bloody trail wherever they have settled. Before the February disappearances and the Dragne shooting, March 4, five members of the gang had been charged with rapping two Lethbridge women. Washington police have been searching for Heath since the September murder of a Wenatchee man (a non-biker) and have been looking for both Heath and Solman since Hultenschmidt was shot to death Dec. 16. Meanwhile in Lethbridge, and under threat it may be to the citizenry, the Ghost Riders no longer dare to wear their colors. The club equivalent of a charter was taken away from them in January by the Grim Reapers, a far larger Alberta club. As Hultenschmidt is concerned to rival, that would seem to make him claimant to a throne that doesn't exist.

—BRIANNE SWAN

## Nothing to lose but his chain

Self-proclaimed anarchist Sady MacDonald, 29, stood in the morning markets with a chain around his neck, shackled to a house in Toronto's west-end and Portuguese community. As newsmen, lured to last week's media event, asked questions of dubious intent, MacDonald punctuated his response by snapping the lock shut. Then, for the next six hours, the Vancouver laborer, who had wandered east "to stop government," delayed demolition of the home built by Portuguese immigrant Jose Gomes MacDonald's higher purpose, he grandly declared, was to defend the rights of Canadian property owners to do exactly as they please.

Gomes, 38, had built the two-bedroom brick bungalow in 1970—without a building permit—and has not paid a \$1,000 cent-of-cost fee for ignoring city stop-work orders. Gomes, who has a long history of battle by law and frustration, claimed he thought his shack had almost a building permit. But a Supreme Court of Ontario judge refused his appeal, thus putting into effect a May 1980, court order to demolish the house, which contravened a vari-



MacDonald in shackles: \$1 up to \$2

ety of city regulations and provincial building notes. Defeated, Gomes and his wife, Marie, 38, stripped the house and moved in with relatives.

Meanwhile MacDonald, a member of a group called the Unhappy, bought the property for \$1 so he could carry on the cause (whatever the outcome, MacDonald promised to sell it back to Gomes for \$5, as the premise that "everybody is entitled to make a buck"). When a sheriff arrived the next morning, MacDonald was clanking his chain while two other Unhappy members sat on the roof, threatening to slam down water bombs. MacDonald, fortified by some of Gomes' home-made

wine, dazed the sheriff and police to take him away while about 300 people enjoyed the may springtime scene.

Toward mid-afternoon, the sheriff's posse, together with unarmed members of the Metropolitan Toronto Police emergency task force, scaled the fence behind the house, clipped MacDonald's chain and peacefully escorted everyone off the property to a chorus of boo from onlookers. "It's my bus chain's freedom to a house and merely provided some minor inconvenience," then "lost," MacDonald said. "But if a few thousand Canadians have become aware of the rights of private property owners, then I've won." His mission had been to stop government. Government—for now—had stepped him. —GORDON LEECH

"When I first met Margaret Trudeau, she had an artistic but and an outrageous dress—I can really understand how she had to survive for her individuality," recalls **Rita Juretti**, soon-to-be ex-wife of ex-congressman John Juretti. Now promoting her own hair-and-nail store of a life at the top, *My Capitol Secrets*, Juretti is facing the consequences of too much media herself. "When I was in New York a photographer gave me his card and said to let him know if I was going to any of the shows—I've learned from Margaret's mistakes." Now rolling over a couple of movie offers in Canada and the U.S. as well as other offers in television and recording, Juretti is proving just how much she has learned about being in demand. Having vowed never to pose nude again after her 14-page spread in *Playboy*, she does not. "I lasted for twice as much money as **Bo Derek**—and got it." She won't, however, say how much that was.



as Green shared the locks of three members of rebel dance band **The Gang of Four**. Still playing, Frapp also admitted to his own "media cut" (Frapp's forehead to look like a TV set) for a finale. Mound the former leader of **King Crimson**. "It really doesn't matter if people walk out and think, 'This guy really is a turkey.'"

Heading the newstands in Canada and the U.S. with a bang this month is *Entrepreneur*, the business opportunity magazine. Sporting a leprechaun on the cover wearing a suit at the reader, the magazine notes that last year in the U.S. at least \$150 million was paid out in ransom money to kidnapers, and goes on to say that terrorists stand an 81-percent chance of getting their hostages, a 76-percent chance of receiving an insurance, and a 59-percent likelihood of having their demands met. The conclusion: there is obviously a market for executive protection. The thinking is all too typical of *Entrepreneur* publisher **Chick Rhee**, who made his own millions through real estate, television, and a 50-percent share of Green's own garage and low-calorie

Juretti (left) helps as much as *Big Entrepreneur* Rhee, seeing business go down



Fleming: dancing a 30-second week

These who feared skating in **Peggy Fleming**'s only talent may have been surprised to catch her at Toronto's trendy *Bluebonnet* Lamin in risk recently in a nude dress and shoes. The 1968 Olympic gold medalist was filming a panty hose commercial when unexpected difficulties arose. "We had weather and lighting problems," said the 38-year-old Fleming. "And it's taken longer than expected." Obstacles that included bringing lights in over the roof by crane stretched the 30-second commercial into a week-long production. Still, Fleming remained blameless. "I have to say the panty hose make me feel like **Barbra**," she explained. "No, I'm dancing."

"Most of my activity is spread out towards music, and I'm looking towards how music interacts with the industry and with audiences," underlines rock philosopher-guitarist **Peter Fong** at the London, England, premiere of his event "Barbetravels." Teaming up with his friend, coauthor **Myrtle Ann**, in front of 980 onlookers, Frapp played his experimental guitar piece, called "Fropptretravels,"

patina, before the market took off. "It's all a question of spotting a business already there and watching it grow," says Rhee, who now tells others how to become rich through his seminars, business trip, the magazine and his book, *101 Businessmen Anyone Can Start and Make a Lot of Money*. "If it starts to go in a three or four mile place, it probably will sweep the country. Backing a few ideas is just a good way to lose a lot of money."



Gault and governor "Gault and Gault."

Political goals are calling it "cash and carry" since New York Governor **Hugh Carey** announced that he will wed Chicago millionaire **Reynolds Gault**. The whirlwind courtship, which began at President **Ronald Reagan**'s inauguration on Jan. 20, was hardly a secret affair. The governor gave the 44-year-old Gault, who described herself as a widow until it was revealed that she had been twice divorced, a surprise and diamond "wedding ring." The 38-year-old Carey took the further step of dyeing his silver hair and eyebrows a rich reddish-brown last week's announcement, however, was tarnished by a congressional investigation into American loans, a real estate firm that Gault and her brother, **Walter**, head. The firm is said to have used high-pressure tactics in converting rental apartments to condominiums. Congressman **James Rosenthal**, an old friend of Carey's who is heading the probe, described American loans' members as "flexible," "unfriendly" and "aggressive." A hardly a regulatory inkerman to the top couple.

"We always look five seats when we fly," explains **Paul Rick** of the four-member **Gault** family. Four are for the quartet and

one for Mr. Gault—Paul Paulson's 1987 English car. Even though Mr. Gault and the ensemble's next owners abroad will be as cultural ambassadors on the first state visit of Governor-General **Edward Schreyer** to five Scandinavian countries, the ensemble drinks the proceeds in the only way to discourage artists shall best on relieving the instrument to the baggage compartment. "A true musician never leaves his instrument," says flutist Rick. "Even when I go to bed, I can't sleep unless my flute is in the room."

There has been an easy skating for 23-year-old **Skullman** since her father, wheeler-dealer **Malcolm Skullman**, bought the New Westminster **Bravo** hockey team and installed her as president and governor. Not only have the trading, knowing Brian ended the

Spotlight, *Guitarists* Chandra spent Out About Their Loss. In an interview with the musician **Crinkie**, **William Beckley**'s son, **Christopher**, confessed that his wealthy alcoholic father and his terribly upper-crust mother put up with all his peccadilloes until he had something deadly infra dig—but obscenely outdoors on one hand and son. Keith asked her older sister **Nancy** what she had learned from a father who has spent much of his life greatly in mourning and guiding the United States. Nancy shot back: "I don't know. I never took any of his advice." And, as any parent can tell Walker, that is when the way it is.

"We received so many queries from customers about how they could feed their dogs in time of trouble that we did something about it."



Skullman sisters, flanked by brother: you get friendly with them!

Western Hockey League season with 25 straight losses, but the team was locked out of its own arena in January by a civic dispute. Forced to play their home games in borrowed rinky arena at a \$1,000-a-night loss, Skullman tapped into beer with the players, most of whom are only a year younger than himself. "I've got friendly with them, let them know you're backing them, but..." initiates the blonde, brown-eyed loan, who goes on to make it clear that her own rules of the road include staying clear of the dressing room and always riding in the front of the bus.

At 20-year-old **Kathy Crinkie**, **Skullman** is "to be accepted on my own merits, or fall on my own failures." Still, just to make sure her first book didn't go unnoticed, she did ask father **Walter Crinkie** to write a preface: parental introduction to *On the Edge of the*

explains **Gwen Tarnes**, of Van Nuys, Calif., whose company markets survival food. Tarnes's answer to what to feed Rover during the special year in Sir Vival, a high protein dehydrated dog food. Packed in nitrogen under pressure, the food contains no sugar or preservatives and will stay fresh for at least five years. "Sales potential is fantastic," notes Tarnes, citing market research figures that show between two and five million people in the U.S. buy survival foods, and many of them have dogs. Hamsters, badgers and parrots can also eat on a diet of the Vival, but Tarnes is developing a special dehydrated treat for cats. Like the dog food, the label on each can will feature a cat wearing a hungry expression and a medieval helmet. Though it is presently unnamed, heavy better rides with the title *Pure Vival*.

—EDITED BY TOM MACGREGOR

# Salvaging dreams from the tragic, unexpected

By Murray Church

**I**n the spring of 1988 Sunshine Village manager John Gow was scouting a remote mountain valley for new ski runs for the Banff ski resort. The small plane clipped a tree top and crashed in the valley floor, killing the pilot and causing extensive head injuries to Gow. It wasn't until five days later that Gow, near death, staggered out to a highway. When he awoke in hospital, it was to learn that his days on the ski slopes seemed to be over. Doctors had amputated his right leg below

and folk. The autumn after his crash, Gow began skiing again and became one of Canada's top handicapped skiers, winning four gold medals at the first world championships for the handicapped in 1984. Johnston went on to develop and direct the Canadian Association for Disabled Skiing (CADS).

Last week at Sunshine CABS announced the seventh annual Canadian International Disabled Ski Meet. This year is the International Year of the Disabled, and just as a tragic and unexpected accident focused Gow's and Johnston's efforts, more than 300 other



Grimstead three-tracking (left). Wiser cross-country skiing (right) at all

survivors of events of this—born in the U.S., Japan, Sweden, England, France, Switzerland and all parts of Canada—converged on the Banff Springs Hotel to register for this year's competition. They came with disabilities such as blindness, single and double amputations, multiple sclerosis, cerebral palsy and hosts with polio. They competed in five- and 10-km Nordic races, the slalom

and giant slalom, alpine events against competitors using similar methods and techniques to overcome their handicap. The blind, for example, use guides to lead them down the slalom courses and cross-country ski trails; the single-leg amputee skiers use mini arms also called "outriggers" in the "three-track" events.

The results at Banff broke Canada's representation at international events, and top finishers qualify for next year's world championships in the Swiss Alps. Patrick Knapp, 25, of France won the men's three-track slalom race, but headed for Switzerland in Arns Gellen, 22, of Salzburg, Ont., who finished third. Ticketed too are Mary Brunner, 36, of Vancouver, who captured the women's combined cross-country event for the totally blind, and Larry Reink, 25, of Calgary, who won the men's title in the cross-country competition for the partially sighted. Lorraine Barnes, 25, of Calgary, and Jan Visser, 16, also of Calgary, won. Ben Grimstead, 28, of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., won the women's three-track slalom, giant slalom and combined title. Greg Oswald, 25, of Winnipeg, was second in the men's giant slalom. Rod Horney of Halifax won the blind men's giant slalom and Maurice MacKinnon of Vancouver won the women's event.

Some handicapped athletes had been discouraged by the overwhelming media coverage given the Lake Placid Olympics compared to the sparse news from their Olympics in Norway. But this and other attitudes seem to be changing with more and more people aware of the Canadian Association for Disabled Skiing's motto: "An athlete with a disability is first of all an athlete." □

## A week in the life

**I**t didn't take the leading network of sport fans. Last Monday, the stodgy lodge members of the Canadian Football League approved the outright purchase of the Montreal Alouettes by that unpredictable, lambent publicity hound, Nelson Skaldbak, whose lightning tarrancers of real estate and legendary restaurant rapin deals have made the move of Wilks, Bink, an international mandatory concern. The man who first signed Wayne Gretzky (who set National Hockey League scoring and assist records last week) added the Alouettes to his stable of sport franchises—hooky's Calgary Flames, Wranglers and New Westminster Bruins, North American Soccer League Calgary Boomers, and more-lugubrious baseball's Vancouver Canadians. Controversy and headlines didn't

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# Trouble in tomorrowland

Ottawa wants action on pension reform, but business wants to know who pays

By Barbara Amiel

At the opening of the National Pension Conference in Ottawa last week, a tanned and elegant Pierre Elliott Trudeau, looking less like a prospective pensioner than ever, leaved over the podium to address delegates. "I asked Madame Bégin what I could say to would-be retirees and to find a solution and she said, 'I'm a great pensioner when it comes to pay-

ment, the government will."

Demographics explain part of the urgency: the greying of Canada is well under way. Today, one in seven Canadians over 30 is over 65. By the year 2020, one in three will be. That means more than twice as many old people to be supported by proportionately smaller work forces. Coupled with the current phenomenon of double-digit inflation (rates between 10.45 and 19.52 topped off at four per cent and 19.52

bankrupt because no one can place in the past three years that one of the first tasks of the Ontario Royal Commission Report on Pensions (released in February) was to solve from that the plan would go belly-up by the time today's subscribers reached slightly advanced age. Panic struck when actuaries calculated that by 1996 the fund would be paying out more than it was taking in—and by 2001 would be exhausted. The calculations, however, did not take into ac-

count the Quebec government's pension fund, the Caisse de Dépôt et Placement, has assets of \$5 billion with holdings that include, for example, 20 per cent of Desmar. Actuaries see the size of pension funds as a key factor in deciding whether the public or private sector should assume its pension role. Expansion of public plans could mean the government would have the money to invest heavily in the private sector, a development labelled undesirable by both the 1976 federal Liberal Report on Pensions and the recent Ontario Royal Commission Report on Pensions. At the same time, though studies on this vary, increases in mandatory pension plans might reduce the level of private savings available for capital investment, frustrating Canadian businesses would have to continue turning to foreign investment for needed funds.

But for most Canadians, the pension debate has been taking place somewhere in the stratosphere. Though the outcome affects the lives of everyone, rarely has an issue of such universal concern been treated so laconically as normal yawns. "I don't want to think about making ends meet when I'm 65," says 25-year-old fashion buyer Pat Grandinger of Toronto. "I've got my car, rent, rent increases and facing 30.00 on my hands now. Spare me old age."

It can't be done. Old age, like taxes and death, is a near certainty for most Canadians (the average life expectancy for men is 74.1, for women 77.4). What has transferred the topic of pensions from a last-ditch effort at cocktail party conversation to a topic of national urgency is the realization that the dream of happy sunset years in a white cottage is a trouble from the government's point of view: if the private sector doesn't want more government involvement in pensions, how trouble some will be to be tackled to restore the dream.

**Scary for women** A key concern of Bégin's is the dismal state of Canada's elderly unmarried women (widowed, divorced or single). Few private pension plans have automatic survivor benefits. Henceforth are ineligible for the CTF, the largest life expectancy of women coupled with their relatively lower wage levels when active in the labour force have resulted in the appalling fact that two out of every three of the elderly poor are women.

**Universal coverage** Employers are not expected to provide private pension plans for their staff. About 58 per cent of Canada's full-time workers in the private sector have no pension plan coverage other than the CTF and Old Age Security (OAS).

**Portability** With a mobile work force and a patchwork of private plans, most employees find it impossible to transfer



Hutchinson: expectations for old age

pension plans along with their personal life and work concerns. **Industry:** Public pension plans are fully indexed to the consumer price index (CPI), currently rising at 11.5 per cent. Private pension plans sometimes have an option of partial indexing to a general wage index in return for a lower benefit rate, but no private plan has full indexing to the CPI.

Though special interest groups all have their own idea of the shape of pension reform, the pension debate comes down to a confrontation between the government and the private pension industry. Bégin, leaning on the Lazar Report, is aiming at a minimum retirement income equal to the average industrial wage (AIW) for all Canadians (currently \$17,000) and 15 per cent of pre-retirement income for middle-income earners. "The CTF and OAS make

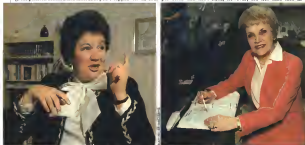
up 60 per cent of AIW," says Bégin. "The question is, where is the other 40 per cent going to come from?" Lined up beside the government is organized labor, which now expanded public plans as the only hope for full indexing. The private sector splits into two camps: big business, the majority with pension plans and getting used to the idea of improving portability, survivor benefits and providing at least some form of indexing; and the small businesses resisting any mandatory plans.

"I'm barely making ends meet now," says Doris Magno, owner of a beauty salon in Burlington. "I have four employees—two part time. I make contributions to the CTF for all of them, so less as than last week over 30 hours a week. By the time I pay CTF and match their unemployment insurance premiums by a 14 rate, I'm close to the line. If I had to contribute to a mandatory retirement plan on top of all this, I'd just close up shop."

John Bullock, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, representing about 38,000 small businesses, adds: "About 89 per cent of our members have less than 20 employees. The average is five. It's not surprising a question whether a particular pension plan is affordable to the small businessman but whether he can keep up with the total tax burden of OTC, women's compensation, hospital tax in Quebec, which just went up 100 per cent, and so on."

At the bottom of the problem is the inability of pension plans to charge with today's realities. In the past, the stipend after retirement was a reward for good and faithful service based on 40 or 45 years' association between employer and employee. With today's mobile work force, the 50-year anniversary has gone the way of the rack of coffee, but most private pension plans still have length of service conditions. Marion Brown, who has worked 14 years for Vancouver's Woodward's department store, may know more about hardware than the other clerks, but she needs to work 25 years to qualify for a full pension. And, if she moves, her pension doesn't. Federal legislation looks to somewhat guarantee the portability of 15 years of age. If Brown leaves, her pension contributions stay in the company fund frozen at the level reached at her departure. She will get a deferred (and reduced) pension when she reaches 65.

Also gone the way of a 60-second work stop is the notion that old people could rely on their children to look after them. As well, rising divorce rates and the phenomenon of single parents families are adding to the burden of old age in Winnipeg. Joyceline Macchuzan, now in her 40s, has worked all her adult life. Trained as a nursery school



Health Minister Bégin (left), Assistant Minister: sunset years in a white cottage

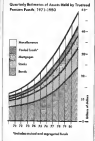
become particularly hard for those trying to stretch incomes pegged to pensionary dollars. "Two-thirds of our senior citizens are on welfare," says Bégin. Those are the Canadians who, along with the mandatory Old Age Security (\$2,586 for individuals and \$4,967 for married couples), also get the Guaranteed Income Supplement (up to \$2,586 for individuals and \$3,986 for married couples) because they fall below Statistics Canada's poverty line of \$5,286 a year. In 1970, more than half the elderly had incomes of less than \$4,000. "Great poverty" is how one social worker in the Maritimes summed it up.

Complicating matters is the badly debated question of what the government can afford. Since the Canada Pension Plan (CPP) was about to go

into effect, the expected increases in contributions to the CTF, which will be the first since the plan's inception in 1966. Now did media reports of the fund's imminent bankruptcy consider the safety net of all public pensions—the government power of taxation. Still, the question of just how much additional taxation a smaller work force would agree to pay to support an increasing number of senior citizens with rising expenditures in a high-cost economy is anyone's guess.

The sheer dollar value of pension funds must also be taken into account. Private and public pensions funds, estimated today at \$50 billion, account for one-third of the gross national product (GNP). By 2001, total pension funds are expected to increase to four-fifths of the GNP. Pension funds control vast holdings—from the Inn of the Provosts hotel in Ottawa to Ind Wells in the Beaudet

are going to retire soon." The audience of 300 representatives from labor, business and the private and public pension industries chuckled appreciatively. It was one of the few shared moments. On the platform, Trudeau, flanked by conference co-chairmen Health and Welfare Minister Bégin and Finance Minister Allan Rock, spoke optimistically of the government's role as "facilitator," throwing out a challenge to the audience to agree on pension reform. But few of the participants doubted that if they could not reach an agreement soon, the federal government would involve force majeure. Blaming over the conference was the certainty that the Liberals, prodded by a committed Bégin, will make pension reform their one leading social priority. The message was clear: changing times have created a crisis for pensioners and if the private pension industry



teacher, she abandoned the heavy of career bookkeeping when, as a divorced mother with two small children to raise, she decided it "was time to hang on to a job." The job was copy writing at Eaton's—for 12 years and contentment made her redundant last month. "Then I discovered part of my pension contributions were locked in, giving me the prospect of a pension of \$47.66 a month when I reached 65. Well, I screamed and yelled, but there was nothing to be done. I took the pension that wasn't locked in, together with my severance pay (total about \$6,000) and put them straight into a registered retirement savings plan. But if you don't plan ahead, if you don't ask questions, you're up a creek. No one is going to look after you in your old age but yourself."

That cuts to the philosophical heart of the debate centring on the extent to which individuals should take personal responsibility for their needs. One good sign is that registered retirement savings plans have skyrocketed from 344,000 contributors in 1975 to almost two million in 1980. At the same time, both government and private pension analysts agree that the very poor (with the exception of many unaffiliated seniors) and the rich get a sufficient amount of their pre-retirement income after 65. The poor have a range of federal and provincial benefits that bring them over the Statistics Canada poverty line in terms of cash income as well as housing subsidies, tax credits, prescription drugs and hospital and medical insurance. Many of the statistically poor also own their own homes. "That's the middle class," says Bligh. "Earning in the \$20,000 to \$30,000 range with family to bring up that I'm worried about."

Former fund-owned hotel; income-aided



MOP's Kowalski: cruel realities of inflation

In the end, though, much of the dispute between government and the private sector stems from a genuine disagreement over what Canada can afford to assist as well as in economic terms. He now disputes that it would be wise to retain three-quarters of cash income after retirement. But to do so means that people either have to live more frugally now, putting aside a greater portion of their income (whether through savings, investment or investment for later use, or they have to shelve a future generation to pick up the tab for their retirement benefits. All experts have warned of the danger of transferring too much responsibility so to the

shoulders of a shrinking work force. Says the Economic Council of Canada: "Within limits, such transfers are likely to be publicly acceptable. If pushed too far, however, the system could be judged unfair and break down." The old rule, much by New Democrat Stanley Knowles for a near doubling of OAS (to \$800 a month) allowed many economists. Explains Michael Walker of the Fraser Institute: "The elderly will not pay for these schemes. A rapidly ageing population that doesn't receive benefits will have to fund them by a selection of deficits and bond issues because we simply don't have the revenue to pay for it." In one sense, it all seems a curious reversal of ethics. Parents used to sacrifice for their children's future; now society is flirting with the idea of endangering the children's standard of living to increase its own.

More importantly, as the government reaches for the headline goal of a six-sufficed and worry-free old age for all Canadians, many analysts fear that it may strain the economy to the point where all benefits gained will only be an illusion. Indeed, pension will increase in size, but spiralling inflation may erode the country's currency worthiness.

At the same time attitudes and expectations of old age are changing. Today's senior citizen shows a quiet determination to make their most. These people who grew up in the more affluent decades of the '50s and '60s have understandably higher expectations for their old age, fuelled in part by government promises in return for increasingly longer years of their income in their productive years, they expect to enjoy a better standard of living than their parents had at retirement.

Whether the government can afford to meet these expectations will be the real crux of crisis. The necessity for the Canadian government to borrow money to meet increased benefits may pay further pressure in interest rates already at a record high, not only adding to inflation but also slowing down other sectors of the economy such as housing. Caught between a genuine desire to improve senior citizens' standards of living immediately and the cruel realities of inflation, the government finds itself in a cross fire. The reality of this dilemma is by now cutting across ideological and party lines. Bligh, for example, is facing some of his stiffest opposition from cabinet colleagues Allan Rock, Mackenzie, usually found on the side of government social initiatives. Recently Kowalski, a passionate supporter of increased pension benefits, was asked "but isn't Mackenzie's ideology very similar to Bligh's?" To which he replied, "Oh yes, Mackenzie would be fighting beside me all the way, but, unfortunately, he is in Finance." ☐

## CONSUMERISM

# The troubling fates of philanthropic causes

Growth and dissension plague voluntary organizations



By Val Ross

Amid the toy puppets, place mats and personalized cutouts of Queen's Canadiana, two women are marvelling aloud over the workmanship of sweaters hand-knit by Canadian volunteers. Canadian raises roughly two-thirds of its \$45-million budget through volunteer projects such as this shop—the other third matched by government grants—for aid and development projects in 15 countries and sponsorship of 8,678 individual children. Lately, these good works have been undermined by public charges of high overhead and involvement in Nicaragua's protracted politics. Here is the shop whose changes seem as fluid as pink wool. The two shoppers can't recall exactly why singer Anne Murray visited last month as patron of the philanthropy, or why nine Canadian directors and up to 60 volunteers in Toronto, Cambridge, Ont., and Edmonton felt compelled to turn their backs on the happy-eyed Canadian brochure designed, and quit. The shoppers vaguely sense that all is not right but dismiss the specifics as a tempest in a broom-cloth too easy.

Yet Canada's problems are broad, underlying, for they parallel the tensions of so many of Canada's 25,000 nonprofit organizations, charities and

Share some love with our children this year



voluntary groups, it's as if they were all kept from the same pitfalls. Like Canada, groups from Deaf (the international aid agency) to the Periodical Writers' Association of Canada have been threatened with accusations from alienated women chapters. Like Canada, Canadian University Services Overseas (CUSO), Oxfam and the Anglican Church endure external and internal dissension over social development projects in political hot spots. Groups as diverse as the Stanford-Peabody Road, the Canadian Cancer Society Service to Patients division and the EMCA have been also new to accusations of volunteers' main versus the functions of professional specialized employees. Says

Ian Morrison, committee chairman for the National Voluntary Organizations (NVO), an umbrella group of more than 120 organizations: "Canada is by no means unique."

Nevertheless, attention given to internal tensions "will hurt us," admits Canadian Executive Director Gordon Ramsay. Had press can quickly redress the \$800 million Canadian annually devote to charities, and encourage the 27 million people who volunteer their time. So far, fewer than 10 per cent of Canada's 1,000-plus volunteers have quit. But the defections include people like Toronto businessman Peter Gorman, who has terminated his 36 Canadian child sponsors, and energetic Cambridge, Ont., housewife, Brenda Peters, a 16-year veteran.

Canada could lose 20 per cent of its total revenues estimates Urban's fundraising director, Ken Wyman. That's what happened here in 1973 when a debate similar to Canada's Nicaragua conflict over whether to support Third World liberation movements split Oxfam and took it into headlines. But

Children chosen in Nicaragua (left), and poster, Myanmar (below) during their backs on hungry-eyed children.



Wyman explains, "The saying 'Give a man a loaf of bread, feed him for a day; teach him to farm and feed him for life' makes no sense to us if he has no land."

In Canada's case, several unrelated blows—politics and logistics—hit at the same time. When the U.S. suspended aid to Nicaragua last past February, Canada's most conservative volunteers' rankins about their involvement in the Central American country rolled over. Barbara McCann, Atlantic regional co-ordinator of CUSO, sighs in sympathy: "I'm often asked if CUSO is 'financing revolution' because we're involved in building schools in Zimbabwe."

Meanwhile, Executive Director

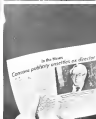
Ramsey and staff were coping with rapid organizational growth by trying to absorb volunteer jobs—about as manageable as stuffing a church basement full of cake into a minivan. He added it made sense for the Toronto headquarters to assume some of Canada's Christmas card campaign, for example. But the cards, now packaged in opaque wrappers for direct-mail sales, became



Canada's problems. Like the Y's, we're not only logistic but also a matter of poor communication and hurt volunteer pride. After a public school teacher developed a "Valentine Tree" program, in which school children sent letters and seasonal notes to their Third World counterparts, the project "mushroomed across the country," says co-founder Kevin Nevitt of Belleville, Ont. "The volunteers just loved working with those little kids. But this February the staff practically took the program away from us" (Canada's staff director of international programs, Bill Steak, agrees). "They wanted to run a U.S. Save the Children but, unfortunately, programs Canada had no involvement in."

But the volunteers who launched Valentine Tree were members of a bloc of affluent, high-profile, relentless organizers more committed to a successful fund raising drive to such extent of control. For several years they functioned almost independently, inaugurating social enhance-worthy events such as a Courtenay Games show and the annual

Kenneth (left), McCulloch playing the national game of registration.



difficult for volunteers to peddle, as they traditionally had, from booths set up in shopping malls.

Similar uncoordinated tensions between volunteers and staff are troubling the YMC, Canada's largest volunteer force (\$3,000). In the Y's own, increased professionalization of the administrative and instruction functions left some volunteers feeling "that they weren't needed any more," claims a national (volunteer) Vice-President Carol Mills. It took two major task forces in the past few years for the Y to define roles for volunteers—policy making, advisory (advice from volunteer doctors) and program development—giving the organization what the Y's's first director now terms "one of the most creative volunteer systems in Canada."

College Bowl football event offers none as style and values between this bloc and the rest of Canada turned some when Gorman announced that he had accepted a corporate donor into giving \$50,000. In the case, the donor was Neolix (Canada) Ltd., condemned by international church groups for peddling baby formula to Third World nations. Defector Brenda Peters affirms: "Some organizations have been proud of high-income volunteers like us."

"The volunteers' fear that the money they struggled to raise was being misused on high staff overhead may be subordinated. In fact, Canada's overhead and actual number of staff have declined in the past two years and the "18 unnecessary trips to the Caribbean"

they cited to the press turned out to be six trips to seven countries where Canada has projects. Yet, the block left cancelled to meet Executive Director Ramsey. Viewed from the rest of the board, they resented. When Anne Murray followed, her green minute brought the bloc's differences to newspaper headlines.

A member of a different, but equally outcast group—the volunteer group, Dan Macdonald, vice-president of the Stratford Festival Board, suggests these divisions may be common to most fund raisers and fund disbursements, "each of whom has a different constituency." For example, Stratford's board wanted to supply patios that would be commercial, while the fund disbursements, the Canada's, wanted only Canadian content—the nationality of the festival's artistic director.

For Calgary lawyer Duncan McKillop and other breakaway Canadian members in Edmonton and Calgary, the split was just part of Toronto's inability to communicate with the West. Toronto headquarters had decided against supporting a project in Nepal run by Albertans, which alienated Western-based graying bodies. "We Albertans were raising up to 25 per cent of the money, and Toronto was making all the decisions about spending it," says Richard Harrison, executive director of the Canadian Council for International Co-operation, an umbrella group that includes Canada, CIBC and Oxfam. "The whole problem in Canada is caught up with this question of representation: nationally volunteer groups play the national game."

With all the tension of growth, change and disparate points of view, Canadian voluntary agencies have to cope with the additional difficulties of being Canadian. But cope they must, says Grant Dubois, public affairs director of the United Way. "Inflation is driving up our overhead. While we're an increasingly professional organization, we need volunteers more than ever to keep costs down." At present, estimates the YMC, Canadian volunteers contribute \$13 billion worth of their labor to their chosen cause. So, is an effort to work back at lost volunteers. Canada has now appointed a director of volunteer services who is now meeting with Western donors.

Among the critics and purists of the Canadian volunteer, a small and devoted shop lobby gently but firmly declines to comment on the whole business. "A family affair, it never should have been made public." He insists only one wants to get on with the job—doing the volunteer. The volunteer heads have called at Canada, say, for one, intends to go on knitting. ☺

## ANTHROPOLOGY

# A race against time and assimilation

Canadian anthropologists are concerned about the fate of the African Bushmen

By Terry Poulton

With a kind of Stone Age hatred, they call themselves Zhat-wah—the real people—but to the rest of the world, the slight brown-skinned Africans, who speak in a tongue-clicking language, are known as Bushmen. Originally numbering about 300,000, they're among the oldest distinct races on earth and one of the last to subsist as all our ancestors did 50,000 years ago—by hunting and gathering. Now, the South African army is recruiting the Bushmen—specifically the subgroup known as the Kung—and Canadian anthropologists, among others, fear the tribe is now being seduced into swapping its ancient traditions for an updated lifestyle that will ultimately destroy it. Says University of Toronto anthropologist Richard Lee: "There are only about 15,000 Kung left and about 50 per cent of them are in military [training] camps."

Given their experience with Canada's



Lee: complaints of overcrowding, widespread alcoholism and a higher homicide rate.



native peoples, Lee and other Canadian anthropologists are especially concerned about the fate of aboriginal groups around the world. At the recent International Conference on Hunting and Gathering Societies held in Quebec City, Lee circulated a petition condemning the recruitment of Kung Bushmen as mercenaries in the South African Defense Force and the outbanning of their families in densely packed settlement camps. Thirty-three of the 55 delegates signed but, though they all deplore the Kung's current state, they're

divided and perplexed about the ethics and methods of bringing aboriginals such as the Kung into the modern world.

The anthropologists who signed the petition are concerned that the Kung's identity, pride and way of life will disappear. Lee says stress caused by what some people perceive as extreme overcrowding and regimentation in the camps has produced widespread alcoholism (with some brew materials supplied by camp administrators) and a homicide rate (mostly with government-issue weapons) six times what it was. The South Africans counter with a statistic of their own infant mortality has fallen from 80 to 15 per cent. But Lee points out that enforced dependency has caused the Kung to abandon most of their former activities and spend much of the money brought in by the soldiers (at what for them is the enormous rate of \$120 a month) on hair straighteners and skin lotions. He also charges that the Kung are being taught Afrikaans rather than English to promote their isolation from the influence of black liberationists.

Like some of his colleagues, Bruce Harpending, who teaches anthropology at the University of New Mexico, considers it paternalistic and unconvincingly myopic to interfere with what he sees as the Kung's natural assimilation into the modern world. "The Kung are fighting in the army and they love it. I think it would be better if they used their money to buy tractors, but I mean I tell those adults what to do?"

But Michael Asch, associate professor of anthropology at the University of Alberta, disagrees and believes the principles involved in the debate have application to North America. As a consultant to the Dene Nation (the Mackenzie Valley native association re-

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pointing land claims with the federal government). Asch says he and Lee are among anthropologists "who have had their heads burned around" regarding the value and feasibility of preserving hunting and gathering societies. "We all used to assume that those people were starving and would jump at the chance to enter the agricultural or wage economy," he says. "Now we feel it's really possible for them to make their living as they always have, not as marginal historic relics, but as viable entities in their own environments."

Yet there are no clear-cut solutions to the problems of integrated aboriginal peoples. Asch admits that in Canada, for instance, "the feasibility" of native people retaining their hunting and gathering ways will depend on the outcome of the ongoing land claim battles between energy-hungry governments and the original northern inhabitants. "If the Dene assimilate into the modern world on Western terms, they'll lose their culture. They need to have powers to control their own lives."

The Kung, however, were never afforded the luxury of negotiating for their rights. From the late 1800s to the early 1900s, according to Lee, they were so hounded by Dutch settlers that those who survived retreated to the safety of the most barren refuge areas of Botswana and Namibia (also known as South West Africa). Their way of life there remained undisturbed until the mid-1900s when the South African government began evicting the Kung into taking up residence in secret settlements in Namibia—the territory the British administration stubbornly continues to occupy, despite a 1966 UN recommendation order. In return for the initial, not very generous dollops of water, border crossings, the Kung were given food, water, housing, clothing, schooling and medical attention.

But by 1975, several hundred Kung males had also been recruited into the army. Recently, when the number of recruits seemed dramatically, the government was blasted by charges that its real motivation was not bringing the Kung into the 20th century, but exploiting their extraordinary bush skills to crush the freedom fighters of the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO). Thro-Ben Gurrah, SWAPO's chief representative to the UN, claims that because the Kung always walk in front of patrolling soldiers, they are being used as "human mine-sweepers."

While the Kung continue fighting for the South Africans, the anthropologists will do so to continue their own battle. But whatever the ultimate conclusion, the Kung already find themselves faced with more options than those of their predecessors: assimilation, destruction or limbo. ☐



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## The man who loved women

CITY OF WOMEN

Directed by Federico Fellini

In *City of Women*, Fellini's funny mixture to the dirtiest side, the women come in all shapes and sizes, each as unique as a snowflake. The city is quantum in the most exciting and imaginable—the one centered inside a man's head—and it's given peculiar lovelessness to adventures of the character Signora (Marcello Mastroianni), who would live in no other town. The movie is one long, big smooth, but it's never gross; Fellini's style is back to its old alchemy. Framed within a daydream

over to a feminist conversion. As he watches them chant for liberation and measure the genitalia of a male dummy, he's amazed and terrified, caged by his own sex. Rather than poke fun at femininity, Fellini records the joy and energy of their activities, the tone is observant, not judgmental, without any rancor. The musical score keeps tinkling behind *Mina Zoni* while the camera, it seems, is wide-eyed over everything that women do.

After this adventure, Signora climbs a safety ladder to peer in a big tent and find out what the "ideal woman" is really like. Upon reaching the top he

he was a boy. A kind of eulogies is created during an eerily beautiful night ride through the woods with Signora and three airloads of pubescent punk girls. He visits the home of a lady who has built herself a Xanadu of erotica. And there's a truly magical sequence where Signora, with top hat and cane, left-shoes to the strains of *Let's Foote the Music and Dance* with two neat-nailed shagwigs and three servants.

Fellini has brought back that distillation of romance that *Antony and Cleopatra* gave us. *City of Women* draws him back to the terrain of his lovely, autobiographical *Amore*; he has transferred his hunger from testosterone to Scopiny, building a holiday world of reflective emotion and easy pleasures. With the help of his usual cinematographer, Giuseppe Rotunno, Fellini allows each scene to float into the next. It's the technique of a true master. A big bouquet to women from a man who has always loved them because he could never understand them, *City of Women* plants a seed in the mind, and it's as resonant as unexpected roses.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE



Mina Zoni: he loves the m. adores them and wishes to understand them

from the time a train enters a tunnel and emerges from the other side, it's a fantastic meditation on why the heart beats faster when the brain receives the message of a perfect woman or a toothy smile. This is Mastroianni's 100th film and he gives a performance that only a man who has loved women for a long time could. With hair now lightly percolated silver but bright eyes still alert and beaming with interest, Mastroianni watches every woman crossing his field of vision as though he had never seen one before. He loves them, adores them, wishes to understand every one of them, and you feel he wouldn't trade the frustration and agitation they inspire in him for all the sanity the world can offer.

Near the beginning of Signora's fantasy, he comes upon a hotel given

finds a being ring, empty save for an ancient, empty cross. (The war between the sexes is a tearing sport and Fellini is waving white flags.) From the ring Signora enters the box of a large ball-balloon held aloft by the plastic representation of the Ideal Woman while, on the ground, the same woman (in the flesh, dressed as a servant, passionate the balloon with her rifle. Women remain tricky; one continues to pursue.

There are sequences in *City of Women* that soar balloon-like, there's hardly any gravity in the fantasy. A plantain-guitar shows us Signora in a carnival-like setting watching a review of some of the women he has loved since

## The stale perfume of faded glory

THE LAST METRO

Directed by François Truffaut

There is no denying that *The Last Metro* is a work of art, though it might be worth asking what kind of a work of art it is. The movie is a perfect love, like some piece of finely wrought crystal that happens to be so difficult to look at, you can marvel at all the craft exerted and still be dumbfounded by the priding effort produced. In making this film François Truffaut has, as has been his wont lately, recycled himself, specifically, *The Last Metro* is a revised remake of his own *Day for Night*—a transversally different setting. *Day for Night* was a movie about the making of a movie while this new thumb-twiddler concerns a theatre troupe doing a terrible Norwegian play in Nazi-occupied Paris. The real theatre surrounding them is enormous and historical, and we never feel how much it affects the characters' lives. There's no suspense and no terror.

Within a hopelessly gentled melodramatic framework we meet Marion Barter (Catherine Deneuve) who runs her husband's theatre while he (Gilles Benami) hides and directs from the basement. Along comes Bernard (Gérard Philipeau), announcing her affection while Donald (Jean-Louis Rivié), a Nazi sympathizer and theatre critic, makes life miserable and danger-

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ous for them. But the show must go on and the tragedy (nicely balanced by a human and a humorous) ends whatever comfort it can from being understood together.

If *The Last Movie* were entering the syndicated world of theater during the acquisition it might have been somewhat hampered. But the potentially great themes of survival and communication are overriden by the cool, almost chic, pacing and Noster Almodóvar's gelid cinematography. One surprise is Denance, more generous than ever with her outrageous waxes sparkling, who turns in a subtle, touching performance. Apparently though, the syndrome seen from her Channel No 5 commercials has waited its way into Truffaut's movie.

—L.G.T.

## Beating around the down-filled bush

KELLY

Directed by Christopher Chagman

If nothing else, Kelly has provided soap-suffering parents with the perfect opportunity to show their unspeaking children just how long 14 hours can be. Having endured endless raps of inept children's films,



adults can take coverage on their offering by making them all through this wilderness adventure, guaranteed to leave even the most easily entertained youngster bored to tears.

Kelly may be one of the first films that is actually shot in the bush it beats around. Twyla-Lynn Yokum plays Kelly Taylor, a high school problem child who suffers from dyslexia and runs away to Alaska (actually Alberta) to find her divorced father, a ridiculously handsome bank president (Robert Logan). Her mother (Karin Kaler) has al-

ready explained the cause of Kelly's reading disorder is a tender scene which reveals more than enough about screenwriter Logan's abilities. "If it weren't for your father's bad genes and chromosomes you wouldn't have this problem." But Kelly is nobody's fool. Anyone with teeth like Logan's obviously has nothing wrong with his genes, and the studio her way to Anchorage where she ends up in police custody after attempting to rob a bank. Unfortunately, charges are dropped.

In the company of her father and his incoherent butler, Kelly gives up a promising career as a juvenile delinquent and learns the ways of the woods. She manages to get lost with some frequency (prompting her father to spend considerable time calling her name) but anyone forget the title of the film, is harassed by a mad trapper and befriended by a Trappist. Her father, her mother best known to the wildlife mistress, wears as *I Love New York* button on his plaid lumberjack shirt. Alaska, apparently, is full of surprises.

Kelly, the only one of *Paramus Players* short-lived film production division, rarely rises above the standards of a second-rate commercial. Indeed,

judging from Logan's breath-taking wardrobe of Scandinavian sweaters and down-filled vests, the movie may well be an Eddie Bauer catalogue in disguise. Director Christopher Chagman is notable only for his habit of turning into Lucina Visconti whenever a sapline comes near a camera, miserably following its light until it becomes a tiny dancing dot in an empty northern sky. The image is positively apt.

—DAVID MACFARLANE

## The pursuit of unhappiness

MODERN ROMANCE

Directed by Albert Brooks

There isn't a single scene that comes to mind in *Modern Romance* that doesn't feature Albert Brooks, and by the time the movie runs its full course it's easy to get sick and tired of him. As a love-lorn L.A. film editor wracked with paranoia, incapable of making a decision or living alone, Brooks (who co-wrote and directed the film) has some extremely funny bits. But this character just won't let up and moans from the residue of the recognizable into the absurd. When he tells his girl-friend (Kathryn Harrold)



he's leaving her for the sixth time, he finds he can't cope without her (This man can barely tie his shoelaces without supervision.) Alone at night, having downed two Quaaludes, he embarks upon a long monologue to occupy himself, for comfort, he tries means, the telephone and his bed.

None of them work and, in fact, nothing seems to work for this footloose. He picks up a woman he hardly knows for a date—and drives her around the block. Deciding to turn himself into something new and fresh, he last himself to a health store for a supply of vitamins and a running store for some new exercise tape. He doesn't seem to be able to talk without the aid of a telephone and, poor fellow, driven around aimlessly at night in his Porsche. He sur-

Brooks: the conflicts are self-induced

sues his girl-friend relentlessly and, once reunited, begins laughing and snickering back to square one.

If *Modern Romance* is trying to say that contemporary relationships are a hornet's nest of petty, irreconcilable differences, then it's hard to muster sympathy for these two representatives of wire-cramped loons. These people are well-off, they seem to reflect intelligence only in their jobs, they can buy this or that on a moment's whim and their only conflict are inner and self-induced. These people, who have all the things many others laboriously aspire to, wouldn't know real trouble if it slapped them in the face. Who needs their aggression? —L.G.T.

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# Rubbing shoulders with the riffraff

CREATION  
by Gore Vidal  
(Random House, \$21.95)

"I didn't have my glasses on and I sat down on what I thought was a stool and it was Capote," explained Gore Vidal in a laudatory introduction to an edition of his 1978 \$1-million libel suit against Thomas Capote. The publisher took the question in stride. "Did anything else occur that you recall?" he asked. "Nothing," replied Vidal. "It was a perfectly indirect exposure."

By now the libel suit's details are also a matter of indifference. It is the cool slush of Vidal turning opponents into jaded titbits that fascinates Vidal: witty, aristocratic and erudite. He is also a lark. All these qualities are in their full and most compliant bloom in his seventeenth novel, *Creation*.

The novel is set in fifth century BC: Pericles Athens—the birthplace of democracy. The narrator-prince, Cyrus Spiliotis, a third, erudite Persian diplomat, is dictating his memoirs to his exquisite 18-year-old nephew Democritus. The purpose of Spiliotis's memoirs is to refute the vulgar distortions of history by the Greek historian Herodotus. The purpose of Vidal's novel is to refute contemporary America's vulgar democracy. Inmates of Vidal's circle will no doubt be able to identify particular incidents and people in the book—perhaps even Capote or the dreadful Kennedys and Jackie O. But for the ordinary reader it is apparent that the figure of Spiliotis resembles no one more than Vidal's libel grandfather Thomas Capote. The U.S. monarch as mirrored by his grandson that he changed his name from Ruggles to Gore, and perhaps it is not too great a leap to say the young "wily" Democritus is Vidal himself. As the novel dazzles readers with its erudition of the names of Demos, Xerxes and Spiliotis, with the bloody eyes of Cybele, and a cooperative religion course in Yavien, Soroastrianism, Buddhism and Confucianism, the narrator Spiliotis makes his point: the history of the classical world has been written from the point of view of the triumphal Athenians. Here is the truth from the pen of an aristocratic nondemocratic Persian.

The Greek schooling Greece that Vidal describes is, of course, today's America seen through the eyes of



Vidal rarely speaks with freedom

someone profoundly sympathetic to the democratic ideal. Vidal resents freedom because in the end it means that a lot of mostly repugnant people can do what they like. "Fonder that splendid family of tyrants who used to live on the Acropolis before they were driven out of the city, as everyone truly noble is driven out sooner or later," says Vidal's protagonist. "I know the last tyrant, the gentle Hippas." Historically, "tyrant" had no moral connotation. But anyone today who can write such lines has sympathies that speak volumes.

A writer must be judged beyond his political sympathies. In this book, probably the finest he has written, Vidal proves himself to be a master craftsman and, quite simply, a writer of beautiful compelling prose. Still, it is on his ideas as well that Vidal makes to be judged. And what is so intriguing about Vidal is that, far from the shortcomings of American society today are not its

limited democracy or lack of egalitarianism, as they are for most other critics on the left. Indeed such critics, who often welcome Vidal to the battle, do not understand that Vidal's egalitarianism exists at best to the gender of his bed companion. Had he been born 50 years earlier, Vidal's soul mate would have been Gabriele D'Arenza with his notion of the popular will and song of liberty. Vidal's creed, like D'Arenza's, is less a political impulse than a sensual one. It is the attraction of a man discovering that someone who has taken no Latin or Greek has exactly the same rights as himself. He would accept as a grant rare America than all those big trials. He would sooner have the "gentle Hippas" than allow simply everybody to vote. They might, for God's sake, elect Ronald Reagan—or Pericles.

—BARBARA ANSEL

## A scoop by me, myself and I

THE CANADIAN CAPE  
by Jean Pelletier and Claude Adams  
(Macmillan of Canada, \$11.95)

The official citation didn't make note of the fact, but last month when Jean Pelletier copied a National Newspaper Award it was in an entirely new category—fabulousness. Pelletier is the Washington correspondent for *La Presse* who figured out, not long after their kidnapping in November, 1978, that not all the American embassy staff in Iran were being held by the Revolutionary Guards but, in fact, six were being kept under wraps in the Canadian embassy. Despite pressure from his superiors in Montreal, Pelletier sat on the news until they were safely smuggled out of the country, and for this he deserves credit. But as he confesses in *The Canadian Cape*, an inside recounting of the story written with fellow reporter Claude Adams, the wonder is that the story didn't break prematurely elsewhere. "Consider the broad hints, baroque leaks, and gossipy speculation that were rampant around Parliament Hill," it was, in fact, a miracle. All that the day, the weekend, is the fact that the press gallery "was shockingly inept in not picking up on the provocative clues." As it was, the story got published in an Idaho newspaper which, being in Idaho, was ignored.

But if this is a self-effacing book, it is also a debarking one. Good reporter that he is, Pelletier (and presumably Adams) comes up with much fresh information on this familiar story. They show convincingly, for instance, that the American authorities worried so

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match about the lives of their 52 cities in the U.S. compared as to be indifferent to the fate of the cities being requested by Canadians Ken Taylor and John Sheardlaw. Furthermore, the authors show that, even while Taylor helped with U.S. intelligence-gathering, the Americans led to Ottawa about plans for the abortive rescue mission.

Although revealing, the book is also a recap with an eye toward history and the American market. Accordingly, it behoves the authors to pump flesh up into familiar personalities. As might be expected of the son of General Pelletier, the loyal Trudeau and current ambassador to France, Jean is, in purpose, getting the U.S. as even more of a selfish bumbler than others remember him, and Flora MacDonald as a "Tory old girl" over her head in the real world of international affairs. He's unfairly hard on the hero of the whole episode, Ken Taylor, depicting him as a bureaucratic renegade who, when faced with the opportunity, became a glory-seeker who "wore his laurels with flair."

In one sense, this is a closely a book written in the tradition of French-Canadian journalism. Pelletier is understandably good at analyzing the life of Khomeini, the structure of diplomacy and the roots of Iran's rage against the Shah in the best interpreta-



Pelletier: Woodward and Bernstein ink

tive fashion of *La Presse* and *Le Devoir*. But he falls down where many English-Canadian would have excelled, in actually telling what happened in his own words. Pelletier claims to be "an old-fashioned journalist, preferring the traditional style of reporting to the modern orthodoxy of the 'new journalists' with its aggrand blouses and first-person posturing." Yet his blouses are obvious and he gets around the second problem by writing about himself in the third person: "On this day, a bleak Monday, November 6, 1978, Pelletier rolled a

fresh piece of typing paper into his Olympia, and at the top of the page he typed the words *Washington—Abbasabad, Iran: Iran*." When Woodward and Bernstein did it, the effect was jarring enough. But when Pelletier and Adams try, it comes out a bit like Mickey Spillane. —DOUG FETTERLING

## The bare bones of human history

LUCY THE BEGINNINGS OF HUMANITY

by Donald C. Johanson and Michael A. Ealey  
(Simon and Schuster, \$22.95)

In the past 200 years, humans have become 3½ million years older. Science in this century has consistently pushed back the date of the appearance of humans on earth, until 1974, the story had been placed together from leftover bones strewn about the globe out of which paleoanthropologists have attempted to reconstruct human prehistory back to the marginal point where it can no longer even be said to be human. The fossils are enigma that allow no direct reading and their tales are inseparable from the story of how the anthropologists have construed them

Lucy gives us one fascinating version of the narrative that ends "Eve hears": "Behold the man."

Paleoanthropological history can be rewritten by a few pounds of fossils, as American Donald Johanson's 1974 discovery of a skeleton 3½ million years old did to the perception of our species' evolution—wind rattling through the branches of the family tree. The skeleton—dubbed Lucy because a tape of *Lucy* is the *Six* With *Dinosaur* was playing as they inspected her—when assembled looks like a slouchy dress badly and then mostly erased. Yet for a science used in working with much less, she is as rich in facts and possibilities as an uncharted planet.

For Johanson, however, Lucy has more than mere scientific importance. He stands across her during the second summer of the first dig he ever led (with Maurice Taieb of France). She made more than headlines, she made Johanson's reputation. Until Lucy, Richard Leakey, of National Geographic fame, had assumed the crown of the king of hominid discoveries. If Johanson is right, Lucy and her confreres were the ancestors both of Leakey's outlanders and of humans as we now are. Johanson attempts to be nice to Leakey but it is apparent how hard he is trying. Given the fight for fossils, this struggle for survival produces a "sassy, vengeful side of anthropology." While not quite gothic, the clash of personalities is an important sub-theme of *Lucy*.

Lucy herself would not have been recognized as human until by surprise among a TV programmer. She was 3½ feet tall, had a skull the size of a softball, was heavily muscled and hairy and had longish arms. Most importantly, Lucy walked on her own two feet, which, given a variety of circumstances, enabled her to raise a few healthy young-

sters simultaneously. This reversed the age's "struggle" of inventing a lot of stories in one child at a time and substitutes a rudimentary form of society that is older than we had thought.

The story, with all its details about how science establishes truths about a world millions of years old, is no harder to follow than a Russian novel with its preponderance of difficult names. The excitement it generates is the present sort of seeing ideas at play. In short, it would make a perfect textbook gift for a "scientific enthusiast."

—DAVID WEINSTEIN

## A light snack of fast-food thought

THE LAST OF BOOKS

by Frederick Buehler and Kenneth McLeod  
(General Publishing, \$28.95)

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Johanson: retelling man's family tree



good it is, preferably in the most explicit quantifiable terms. In a sophisticated society that has learned to consume and dispose of culture with equal gusto and haste, quality and quantity are often interchangeable and excellence has generally come to mean star status. Culture, say, is television, is becoming increasingly obsessed with ratings. The current fascination with better and best seems to have reached a high-water mark with the publication of *The List of Books*, a reader's guide often issues attempt to collate and comment upon the world's library of all litera-

tures in 196 pages.

The perpetrators of this grand display of gall are two Britons of questionable taste but undeniable brasserie—Frederic Raphael, a novelist and screenwriter (*Darling, Put on the Band*), as my main ability, and Kenneth McLish, a music and theatre writer. Both have the earnest propensities of the British Empire coming out of their ears; understandably, work-dune writing is given somewhat short shrift. Divided into sections and appended with little figures, the book will appeal to devotees of fast-food thought. In *Cold Blood*,

one finds, is listed under biography for masses known only to the authors, also included in that section are Norman Mailer's sloppy ruminations on the myth of Marilyn Monroe, *The Little Prince* has "metaphysical profundity," and *Who's on First* of Virginia Woolf is about a "mumps marriage"—an astonishing new insight.

The right to opinion being the democratic thing it is, those of two men are as useful, or useless, as those of another 30. But to list the achievements of world drama and not include Thomas Kyd is much like neglecting to mention Mary when writing the life of Jesus. Musically, our scribbles seem 1000-fold missing from the music section in Aaron Copland's *What to Listen for in Music* and J.B. Rose's magnificent history of vocal recordings, *Grand Tradition. Seventy Years of Singing on Record*. In other sections, the list of the missing in action keeps growing: Ringo Starr (sorry), Edgar Cayce (sorry), Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Abroad* (sorry), Nabokov's *Invitation* (sorry).

Enough already. Suffice it is to say that the omissions are glaring, if not outrageous, the most-referencing has a random abandon, and there are innumerable doses of publication. As with any book of this nature, there's a wide berth for readability shock, yet a certain amount of erudition, passion, candour and wit are to be expected. *The List of Books* is as indulgent as it is capricious. "What can one say?" the authors whine when it comes to Shakespeare. They should have taken the lead from Debbie Hahn when she said in *Idiot About Eve*: "Try, Eve, try." —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

#### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

##### Fiction

- 1 *The Covenant, The Mask* (1)
- 2 *XP20*, Douglas (5)
- 3 *The Key to Rebecca*, Follett (6)
- 4 *Firststar*, King (1)
- 5 *Rage of Angels*, Sheldon (4)
- 6 *Come Fear the Wine*, Freeman (3)
- 7 *The Queen of Africa*, Stevenson (5)
- 8 *Valley in Time*, MacLennan (5)
- 9 *Brink*, Cook
- 10 *Crestline*, Patel

##### Non-fiction

- 1 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Bower (1)
- 2 *Crisis Investing*, Goss (2)
- 3 *The Northern Manner*, Gray (3)
- 4 *Custom*, Goss (1)
- 5 *The Chicago Project* (3)
- 6 *Paper Money*, Smith (2)
- 7 *The Little Book of Money*, Rapoport (2)
- 8 *The Coming Currency Collapse*, Smith (2)
- 9 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813*, Bower (3)
- 10 *Best Evidence*, Light

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# Catching them in the act



By Mark Gasmbecki

They were turned away at the doors of the Art Gallery of Ontario last month, and the silent van Gogh exhibition wasn't what they after. Several hundred performance art practitioners and devotees, plus a handful of sensation-seekers, had magically appeared for Margaret Drang's and Tom Dean's *Her Majesty*, a performance with many unkind words to say about bleeding heart liberal gentleness. Clad in black tighty with eye-shaped darts, Drang trundled out a cart, with vaselinas for wheels, carrying pots of oils and chocolate sauce. The oils were chopped, plopped into the sauce and strewn over the floor. But the crown jewel in *Her Majesty* was a dance choreographed to Roy's *Bohème*. Dean made a powerful personal statement while challenging the audience's preconceptions about her "act" and their participation in it. Where one might have expected passionate appeals to embolden Roy's innocent inner sexuality, Drang, too damned and goose-clipped, parading every possible pose of romantic love with diffidently clumsy pirouettes. And yet, while cracking pusses she embodied it as well. Her emotional commitment was completely visible. Was the act of control? Should we really have been watching this?



Unfitted work by Randy and Rosemary (above) Drang in *Her Majesty's* act that comments on rituals of modern culture

into to be bought or sold, a performance piece by one artist very rarely gets performed by another artist and is infrequently repeated even by its creator, because there is no agreed-upon critical language to deal with the phenomenon, the value judgments vital to the traditional market have been slow to surface.

Performance and its close relative video art appeared early in Canada with enlightened support from the Canada Council, which quietly funded both individual artists and "parallel" galleries, such as Toronto's A Space, run by artists who needed space but wanted to keep their distance from the administratively top-heavy established galleries. Toronto's General Idea and Vancouver's The Western Front Society led the way with high-profile, humanist performances. The 1973 Miss General Idea Beauty Pageant featured invited guests of both sexes stilled in satirically unattractive poses and in 1974, Western Front's Vincent Tasso dressed as Mr. Potato and campaigned for mayor in the Vancouver civic election. In Toronto, an Audience Panslavery (1978) General Idea examined audience role-playing by staging a performance in which the "real" audience's reactions were pre-empted by a pre-recorded audience facing them on stage. Predictably the "real" audience reacted with some hostility, and such experiments (plus funding problems) have led to an unpermitted General Idea to seek audiences in addition to their own fertile, if self-reflexive, artistic milieu by selling both ideas and objects. Ross General Idea's Felix Paria "You haven't sold out until you're out of stock."

However, more socio-politically committed artists such as Clive Robertson argue that performance can only speak in specific contexts to specific audiences who have some own agendas riding about the subject being presented. "It's a



Sprung: total physical involvement

and Rosenzweig) under his direction that was the Chalmers Award for best new Canadian play.

After completing a degree in English and German literature at McGill University, Sprung took his growing interest in theatre to Berlin in 1971, before settling in London. The 36-year-old Ottawa native approaches theatre like a Texas staking stake. "I like total physical involvement," he enthuses, and joining by his restless actor's physique, the statement clearly applies to his whole life. Sport is, in fact, a major obsession and the subject of three of his productions: *Les Canadiennes*, *The Black Mountain of Walle MacGrimmon* and Australian playwright David Williamson's *The Tempest*. "I love the memories of emotions in sport, the passion and the guts—that what theatre is about too," he says, pointing out that both sports and theatre are particularly suited to Canadians in entering to a seldom-expressed need for attention-grabbing and public display. Politically a committed populist, Sprung has also worked on collective plays such as *Paper Wheel*, which along with Rosenzweig was him the late Doris Marso Moore Award for best director of a Toronto production last year.

Recently Sprung has directed more non-Canadian works, including a production of *The Tempest* at Theatre Calgary last February which he feels was successful despite an intellectual three-week rehearsal period. Commenting on the high pressure rehearsal that free-lancing forces on directors, he admits, "I pushed myself too far this past year, and I'm beginning to feel a laceration in my own theatre again—you're more in control of the jumps." However, with Rosenzweig running at the Old Vic, Canadian theatre might be kept afloat by keeping Sprung happy.

—MARK GASMCKE

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# Living the Hollywood dream

Violence, after all, has more variety than sex

By Albin Fotheringham

In the opening minutes of a current hit movie, *Fort Apache*, The Brown, starring box-office king Paul Newman, a drug-crazed black prostitute shoots two policemen square in the face with a pistol she carries in her pants. Moving from the scene, she later picks up a middle-aged musician, begins to snick with him and then slits his throat with a razor held between her teeth. Newman, a cop, watches as two of his colleagues throw a Puerto Rican boy to his death off the roof of a tenement. His girlfriend dies of a cerebral overdose arranged by two drug dealers who, along the way, make a knife into the abdomen of the black hooker and, wrapping her in the carpet where she fell, leave her on a garbage dump before they are filled with bullets in the middle of a hospital by Newman and helpers. And so it goes. It's a smash.

In another new release, *Thief*, James Caan, in a professional jewel thief. He is beaten senselessly by four detectives attempting a shake-down. A truck shows an air-rugged lion in the final minutes of the movie, he watches as a friend is machine-gunned in a loosely detailed photograph—is a car dealer's lot. No one in this large American city apparently hears the sound a friend is dumped in a vat of acid. Caan calmly blows up a million-dollar home (his own). No neighbors appear. He blows up a nightclub. He leaves his car fire to the automobile in the car dealer's lot. No one straddles. In this jewel thief—as the screen fades, shoots him with the camera carefully following the blood sprayed on the walls, kills two more on the lawn in a prolonged shootout, then walks away down the sidewalk—presumably in some jewel theft—as the screen fades to black. No neighbors appear, no police, no ambulances. That would spoil the fun. Steal to a bit.

The love of violence, as a form of entertainment, is the underlying theme. Albin Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

of the American society that makes a practice of shooting at presidents there is, after all, much opportunity for variety. Sex is okay as a staple, but the violations are rather limited and have been basically covered by now—as most any manager knows. Violence, by contrast, has unlimited possibilities and infinite car chase, children being thrown off the roof and ladies who carry a razor as well as a gun in their handbags are the breadwinners for those artists armed with the latest in sophis-



ticated photography. Americans have grown so accustomed to crime and violence that they have become used to it, almost, one could say, easy with it. The ride from the airport in a New York cab is now rather like a trip in a marine tank—in an innocent Canadian. It is not just the fifth and down, in yet another bloody product of Detroit's famed technology. There is the heavy metal and glass barrier between passenger and driver, a tiny slit where money can be exchanged between the customer and the man who warily transports the customer, the jostling and bumps, warnings, regulations that the drivers do not carry more than \$5 in change. One occupies the armored vehicle—for the "freedom" of the streets where you grow nervous after dark.

There are 60 million handguns loose in America one for every five citizens. In 1978, there were more killings with handguns by children aged 18 and under in the United States than the British managed to total with children of all ages

It is not far as to lecture the Americans who elect a man from the Sun Belt, where the proud right to make a dispenser of self-defence is so established, who has a First Lady who owns "a tiny gun," who then must watch in televised horror with the rest of us as yet another of the madmen on the fringe acts out his bizarre infatuation of the Japan Case and the Paul Newman of the screen. We watch the drama of someone else's lives. *Fort Apache*, *The Brown* and *Thief* are just as popular in Canadian movie houses as they are south of the border. We live on television, even other people's violence.

The television screen, rarely the most solidly used medium in man's reach for perfection, dispenses bullets as regularly as God dispenses Violence in the currency of a television age that ended a war in Vietnam by the simple fact that it grew bored with it. A new TV season approached and some variation was required. It is why Alexander Haig, that warrior in name, has come into trouble so quickly with the jolly bean administration. He bristles with nationalism and affronts a Pattern left of the last among diplomats—at a time when Americans wanted a horseback version of it in the White House, greatly paternal, promising a return to the Schrodinger's Box version of life. Haig clashes with the jolly beans. He doesn't fit.

The events of last week have a similar casting of opposites. Ronald Reagan was elected because he seemed, in his certainty that he has been preaching from platforms for a decade, so obviously values that were simple and understandable and down-home. Government must not intrude on Americans' lives. The individual can handle himself. If we get back to basics, society will sort itself out. It's not quite that simple. There are two warring factions within Americans: those who feel comfortable and contented with what they've got—and another side that feels disaffected. The violence that the nation endures (and can far quickly make an entertainment) comes out through the John Henckys.



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